Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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"E-Y-E-S—*FRONT*"

BY THE EDITOR

E-Y-E-S—*front!* Looking straight ahead for a moment through our hurries and our worries, with the clear vision of serenity and faith, what do we behold? Abroad, the death of military autocracy; at home, new and better life for a people unified and uplifted by peril and affliction; and, last but far from least as an encouraging thought, both great purposes achieved through vastly smaller human sacrifice than is commonly apprehended. Unless all records are wrong and all history as a teacher is at fault, these are certainties which should be kept constantly in mind as bearing reassurance to millions of troubled hearts.

Germany cannot win. Though false as hell at the beginning, her declaration that now she fights defensively is true and will so continue to the end. As at Verdun, so along the whole Western line she cannot pass; and she has reached her limit in men, machines and money. On *der tag,* in August, 1914, practically one-sixth of her population, 11,500,000 males of all ages, were available for military service in a war lasting four years. At the end of three years all had been called to the colors in this order:

Original mobilization, 4,500,000; untrained reservists called to February, 1915, 800,000; recruits to January, 1915, 450,000; untrained landsturm in 1915, 1,250,000; previously exempted men in 1915, 300,000; class of 1916 called in 1915, 450,000; previously exempted men in 1916, 200,000; landsturm in 1916, 450,000; class of 1917 called in 1916, 450,000; third contingent of previously exempted men late in 1916, 300,000; class of 1918 called in 1917, 450,000; class of 1919 called in part in 1917, 300,000; additional previously exempted men in 1917, 150,000; class of 1920, still uncalled, 450,000.

Grand total, 11,500,000.

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Killed, disabled and captured, 4,000,000.
Wounded under treatment, 500,000.
Permanently exempt, industrially employed, abroad, etc., 1,500,000.
In actual service at all fronts, on lines of communication and at interior stations, 5,500,000.

These figures were compiled by the Associated Press and are accepted as substantially correct by all recognized authorities. The losses for 1918, based upon the record for the past three years, will exceed 1,300,000. To take the places of these killed and disabled, the maximum possible reserve is 800,000, of whom more than 600,000 are boys under nineteen. Clearly, Germany is "all in."

France, on the other hand, has not yet called her two classes of 1919 and 1920 and will have 500,000 to add in 1918, Britain easily as many more and the United States probably about an equal number, netting an increase of fully 1,500,000 for the Allies to none for the enemy. In 1919, America can and will, if necessary, put three or even five millions of trained soldiers into the field,—more than can possibly comprise the entire German army on the Western front.

We have them by the throat on land; time alone is needed, with or without the aid of embargoes and starvation. Can we hold them at sea? Or, rather, can England safeguard her food supplies till we can render effective assistance? That is the sole question. Lloyd George says yes, and so should we unhesitatingly if we could be assured that all is being and will be done that can be done in the shortest possible time.

But,—oh well, *is it?*

Since we directed attention to the surprising and disheartening delay in providing for enlargement of our fleet of destroyers the Navy Department has awakened to the need and has asked from Congress an additional appropriation of $350,000,000 which, however, for some unaccountable reason, is reduced to $125,000,000 in Chairman Fitzgerald's estimate. Admitting the justice of Mr. Gilbert's criticism that "the fault to be found with the Department's programme is not with its extent and thoroughness, but with the lateness of its adoption," chiefly no doubt because of the Secretary's preoccupation in general counsel and Navy League quarrels, the tardy announcement is welcome, though uncomfortably vague. "It is not permissible," we are informed in characteristic official phrase, "to make known the exact number

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built, building and *in contemplation,* but it may be said that the total comprises more than we have now afloat."

So much we can understand and believe, but when asked further, through unofficial declarations obviously designed to screen past delinquencies, to bask in contemplation of "the greatest fleet of destroyers in the world," we frankly throw up our hands. When the war began the United States was credited with possession of 74 destroyers, good, bad and indifferent, while Great Britain had 223 in actual commission and 15 building, and Germany boasted 154. How many England has since added to her fleet nobody knows, but undoubtedly the number is large, while up to the present year and, so far as we are informed, up to the present time, not one has been added to the American total. The further inspired statement, moreover, that "a *large number* of destroyers are now on the ways" is absurd upon its face, although it is happily within bounds to expect that "several of them," meaning eight at the outside, "will be completed within the next few months." Meanwhile, no actual construction is in progress for the reason that, unlike the War Department, the Navy Department is too squeamish to move till Congress definitely votes the assured appropriation; but then, thank God, unless the *Evening Post* is misinformed, it will be "ready to go ahead."

It is comforting in the circumstances to hear that our British allies are driving construction at an unprecedented gait. "The rivers Tees, Tyne, Wear and Clyde," writes an Associated Press correspondent, "are overhung with smoke; blast furnaces are glowing everywhere; streaks of red go back and forward in the rolling mills and through it all on these busy rivers there is a roar of automatic riveters, the clash of sledges on steel plates, and the throbbing of ponderous machines that punch holes in plates an inch thick. So great is this noise at many places on the banks of the Clyde that to talk it is necessary to place mouth to ear. Just now the builders of ships are rushing through work on countless destroyers, cruisers, and other naval ships that must remain for the present as 'mysteries.' They are working at a tremendous rate." All of which, taken in conjunction with the development of a standardized motor for air machines, with the seeming decrease in losses from submarine attacks and with the sending of Admiral Mayo to England to accelerate aggressive naval action, encourages the hope that during the

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coming year Germany's potency will diminish at sea proportionately as, during the past year, it has lessened on land. In any case, the Huns cannot win.

We advert now to a matter of the utmost importance to American families, respecting which wholly unwarranted and most unfortunate misapprehension has arisen, namely, that of casualties in the war as now waged. As a consequence of ignorance of the facts and unceasing mouthings of traitors and pacifists, "trench fighting" has come to be regarded as virtually synonymous with "slaughter" and the impression has been strengthened materially by personal tales of minor engagements made vivid by ghastly pictures. The truth is that the death toll exacted by modern warfare is immeasurably smaller than ever before in history and has decreased steadily since the fighting began.

Innumerable comparisons might be cited from the days of Alexander in substantiation of this assertion, but a few will suffice. In the Charge of the Light Brigade 113 were killed and 134 wounded out of 673, or 36.7 per cent. In our Civil War, the Ninth Illinois lost at Shiloh 63.3 per cent, the First Minnesota at Gettysburg 82 per cent, and the Sixty-ninth, New York, 1,000 out of 1,200 in twenty minutes. Even the Prussians sacrificed of the Third Westphalian regiment at Mars la Tour, in 1871, 1,484 men out of 3,000, or 49.4 per cent.

Similar losses were experienced, especially by the inefficiently officered British, in the early engagements of the present war, but in open fighting, not in trenches. Later, too, as we noted last month, the splendid Canadians left 600 out of 800 on the field, in consequence of an unrescinded order. By way of contrast we are indebted to Sir Charles Ross for a statement of the casualties at the recent battle of Messines as follows:

> Total number of men engaged, 280,000.
> Total casualties less than 9 per cent.
> Total fatalities less than 1 in 7 of total casualties.

Reported from the same authoritative source of another recent battle:

> Engaged: First line, 250,000; second line, 250,000. Casualties: Walking, 6,000; stretcher, 2,600; killed and wholly disabled, 1,400.

These, of course, were single engagements and can be regarded only as illustrative. But take the percentage of

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casualties in the entire French army in proportion to mobilized strength, with this result:

Battles of Charleroi and of the Marne	5.41
First 6 months of 1915	2.39
Second 6 months of 1915	1.68
First 6 months of 1916	1.47
Second 6 months of 1916	1.28

These figures, taken when the casualties were greatest in proportion to mobilized strength and combined with the highest proportion of deaths, show losses due to deaths from wounds and killed in action to be approximately eleven in every 1,000 of mobilized strength. According to the figures presented by the French High Commissioner in his letter to the Secretary of War, the high-water mark of casualties in the French Army was reached early in the war—at the battles of Charleroi and the Marne. The casualties in that period were 5.41 per cent of the mobilized strength, or 541 men in every 10,000 with the colors. Military experts in this country agree that the killed in action and died of wounds have never at any time in this war exceeded twenty per cent of the total casualties. This gives a figure of 108.2 fatalities from these causes in every 10,000 mobilized strength; or practically eleven men killed in action or died of wounds for every 1,000 with the colors, a ratio of 1.1 per cent.

To say, as we used to say of crossing the Atlantic, that fighting in France as now conducted is safer than crossing Broadway, would seem absurd; and yet the concrete fact is that if the percentage of American fatalities, in an army of 500,000, in 1918, should not exceed that of the French last year, more Americans will perish from intentional and accidental use of firearms in the United States than in Europe. Nor is there apparent reason to doubt that this will be the case. The heavy sacrifices of the bewildered French and the untrained British in the first year of the war and of the German boys cynically used for "cannon fodder" throughout, conformably to system, signify nothing. American fighting is to be done on the "precise and scientific" lines wisely decreed by the President in preference to the happy-go-lucky methods of Rough Riders; our men have no superiors in intelligence or in initiative and will be trained to a nicety before being sent into action; and if there live more capable officers than the professional soldiers graduated from West Point, the fact is yet to be demonstrated.

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We would not think of minimizing the dangers which confront the young Americans who go to fight their country's battles; war is war and the Huns are Huns; but we do insist, upon the records, that the too-common assumption that they are going to " certain death " or to certain anything except honor for themselves and glory for their country is as unwarranted in fact as it surely is harmful in promulgation and altogether foolish.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

Do the members of Congress who have been striving openly or furtively to clog the machinery of successful warfare truly represent the sentiment and spirit of their communities? We wonder. They are astute politicians accustomed to gauge public opinion and dependent, in the realization of their ambitions, upon the favor of their constituents. We need not name them. Indeed, we could not do so without hazarding analyses of motives which might bear unjustly upon individuals who approach a common goal by varying routes. That some have been impelled by sincere conviction we must assume. That others have merely trod the well-worn paths of demagogy seems apparent from their past performances. That their leader is possessed by an ugly spirit engendered by bitter disappointment few of his associates could be found to deny. The time may—indeed, almost surely will—come when rational but unsparing judgment must be rendered, after careful scrutiny of their respective records. But the present purpose of testing the sense of the partially segregated communities which constitute the nation can best be served through comparative generalization.

The fact that only four Senators finally voted against the great Revenue Bill, whose passage was essential to the prosecution of the war, has been accepted by many as evidence of substantial unanimity, but to minds familiar with the actual situation the deduction is far from conclusive. It was the traditional case of fish or cut bait. Some voted in the affirmative to square accounts at home, others to maintain "party regularity" and others still, reluctantly and apologetically, bowing to the inevitable, to "stand by the country right or wrong," after the fashion of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Ridder and the whole brood of insidious peace-finders. Of the many

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preliminary tests of real intent that afforded by the vote upon Senator La Follette's full substitute is probably the truest. The sections here represented in full or in part as opposed to the bill proposed by the Finance Committee were:

New England—New Hampshire.
South and Southwest—Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, Oklahoma.
Middle West—Wisconsin, North Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska.
Far West—Idaho, California, Oregon, Washington.

Eight of these thirteen States—Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon and California—were represented by the "little group of wilful men" denounced by the President on March 4 for "rendering the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible,"—from which it would appear that they have not only withstood the appeal of patriotism in actual warfare with a foreign Power but have drawn to their aid, in part at least, Georgia, Oklahoma, Idaho, Washington and New Hampshire.

What, then, are we to conclude? That, beyond question, we should say, with the exception of New England whose one discordant note is solitary and freakish, the far Middle West, the Northwest, the Southwest, the radical element of the South and the Pacific coast are represented accurately by Senators La Follette and Husting, Kenyon, Norris, Reed, Gore, Borah and Brady, Gronna, Hardwick, Vardaman, Johnson, Jones and McNary. And yet nobody would maintain for a moment that either these vigorously American commonwealths themselves or, with two possible exceptions, their authorized spokesmen are unpatriotic or even pro-German except in so far as they are anti-British. Despite the fact that the people of the prairies voted in the latest National election to "keep out of war," they were the quickest to respond through enlistment when war came, and are today the slowest to be beguiled by the sinister peace propaganda.

Obviously the root of this seemingly paradoxical disaffection, voiced with acute comprehension in Congress, lies not in disloyalty to America or to democracy. Where, then, is it to be found? In dissatisfaction? In envy? In greed? Who can say? Every speech, without exception, made in the Senate against the bill of the Finance Committee was a drive at wealth. There were disputes over methods of taxation, over ways and means of collection and the like, but invariably

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the argument, however shrewdly camouflaged by some while bluntly avowed by others, led straightway to the conclusion: The rich (meaning the East) brought on this war; now let the rich (still meaning the East) pay for it! And the more they have to pay, the better. Hence the ease, inexplicable to many, with which colossal appropriations have been obtained by the Administration from representatives who hitherto have paraded their devotion to economy.

Of the Bill itself as finally enacted little need be said. It is fair enough. Practically the entire financial burden is put upon the rich and well-to-do, but that was to be expected and, so far as we have heard, the imposition has evoked no complaint from those most directly concerned. The potential future value of the great personal fortunes has already been reduced at least fifty per cent, but what of it? The cause is just, the fight is necessary, the sacrifice is right; those who have only sons must give sons, those who have only money must give money and those who have both must give both. And that is what is being done, we assert positively and could easily prove, with no thought of making invidious comparisons, at least as freely, as generously and as nobly east of the Alleghenies as anywhere else in our common country.

It is not the winning of the war—transcendental in consideration though we hold that to be—nor the cost of winning it that now troubles our mind. It is the making of the war a pretext for doing other things. And if it be the purpose of our legislators, representing great communities, as we seem to perceive, to utilize the peril of the Nation as a cloak for "equalizing wealth," for depleting "swollen fortunes," for imposing sumptuary laws upon resistant but helpless communities, for jamming through woman suffrage at a time when we are confronted by a man's job, then we cannot blind our eyes to a danger greater than ever confronted the Republic before, greater than the war itself.

Cannot patriots like Senator Borah and Speaker Clark, who dread the concentration of vast accumulations, realize this? Cannot citizens like Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Rockefeller, who advocate prohibition, perceive it? Cannot political philosophers like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, who demand equal suffrage for all, behold it—as the truth?

These are not childish things to be put aside permanently; they are vital problems which must be solved when they

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can be solved aright; but that time is not now when concentration of the whole heart and brain and bone and sinew of the Nation is essential to the living of America and the saving of civilization.

HOPE vs. EXPERIENCE

IT is our own fault. When we demanded the "whole truth for the people" in return for "fair play for the Government" we should have added "and nothing but the truth." Thus we might have been spared the present painful necessity of directing attention to an unhappy episode, in the hope that its possible future like may not require the term occurrence. The recital shall be brief.

At 10.30 a. m., on Tuesday, September 11, the Secretary of the Navy summoned the war correspondents of Washington to his presence and handed to them copies of the following somewhat oddly constructed and no less peculiarly punctuated announcement:

> The Navy Department received a report from Paris which states that the steamer *Westwego* reported on the 8th of September while cruising with several other ships, was attacked by a massed force of six submarines off the coast of France on the 5th of September. The result of this attack being that two of the steamers attacked were sunk and probably all of the submarines were lost.

The war correspondents were stunned by this account of the most remarkable achievement at sea since the war began, but they could not escape the conviction borne in upon their consciousness by what the *Tribune* representative depicted as "the unctuous voice which the Secretary employs to tell of major victories,"—such, we assume, as the famous triumph of Independence Day. Forthwith the glad tidings was spread broadcast by newspapers in extra-editions throughout the land, beginning with a telephonic message to the Capitol and continuing with an exultant telegram to Magnolia, Mass., where the Mountain was whistling for Mahomet and bringing forth a Mouse.

"The Secretary's naval advisers," the *Evening Sun* records, "strongly counselled against making the report public pending the receipt of further details," but were overruled. And yet their reasons for caution, we may not truthfully deny, seem to have been worthy of consideration. This was September 11. The battle with "the massed force

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of six submarines" was reported to have taken place on September 5, not in mid-ocean, but "off the coast of France." If destroyers were engaged, why had they not reported their signal victory by wireless days before? If the *Westwego* alone was involved, why had her captain waited three days to herald his amazing exploit? And if, as declared, the embassy in Paris had received the information on September 8, why was the thrilling news withheld from America until September 11? These surely were natural queries calling for prudent, if any, statement to the public. However,—

At 2.30 p. m., the Secretary put forth a supplementary announcement, to wit:

> My attention has just been called to a serious error made in transcribing report of the attack made on the *Westwego* and other vessels. I gave the report to the press this morning exactly as it was given to me, saying that "two of the steamers attacked were sunk and probably all of the submarines were lost." The cablegram, I now find, stated that "one" of the submarines was probably lost.

The error, according to the *Times,* was that of "a girl stenographer," who rectified it "immediately," and within a few minutes one corrected copy was placed upon the Secretary's desk and another was handed to "a Creel man" while he was "rushing into the mimeograph room." Meanwhile, the Secretary himself, proud and happy, had left his office to attend "a conference"—presumably with the Superior Council of National Defense, since the Supreme Council was away beating Mr. Hugh Wallace at golf—and, as he did not return till 2.30 p. m., four hours elapsed before the correction was made public. What really happened on September 5, "off the coast of France," nobody here at this writing knows. Nor for the present purpose does it matter. The confessed fact that what was advertised was not realized is the sole requisite.

Least and last of all would we impugn the motives or condemn the acts of the Secretary of the Navy unless driven to the unwelcome task by a sense of duty. More specifically than anybody else, when they re-elected the President, the people endorsed Mr. Daniels, and we accepted the verdict, if not with unalloyed cheer, at least with sufficient equanimity to accord him a clean slate. Whether he is or can ever become temperamentally passably fitted for his great position and whether he would be now or ever would have been the

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President's choice, if the existing condition of war could have been foreseen, are questions whose discussion would be idle. He is not only there but is apparently glued there, and the only practicable thing to do is to refrain from hurling bricks, as we have been enjoined with respect to the gentleman at the piano, at one who is doing the best he can. That is one reason why, so far, without committing ourselves to the practice as eternal, we have abstained from even the gentlest chiding of an official whose commendable indefatigability, we recall having once remarked, seemed not unlikely to carry him to the head of the busybody class depicted by Macaulay.

But the fact remains and cannot be ignored that this latest exhibition of slipshod methods, following so quickly upon the ridiculous "elaboration" of the July incident, is more than disquieting; it is disheartening, for two particular reasons: first, that it indicates utter inability to profit from a bitter lesson and, secondly, that as a repetition of a grave offense it has already impaired public faith in any announcement that may hereafter emanate from the same source. That, we declare, is a very serious matter, and one which the President, himself the holder of ultimate and complete responsibility, cannot wisely disregard.

There is another phase. At the very beginning of the war, as our readers will recall, we emphasized the necessity of establishing sympathetic relationship between President and people through a Department of Public Information of Cabinet rank, so constituted as to possess the confidence of the Executive, the Congress and the country. Instead, after a drastic censorship had been attempted in vain, the present makeshift, headed by the zestful and imaginative Mr. Creel and controlled by the Cabinet officers whose activities are most properly subject to public review, was duly installed, only to be shattered by the Secretaries themselves, as in this very instance, when Mr. Daniels took the matter into his own hands and disposed of it with a heedless alacrity which might have been exhibited to far greater advantage in other directions, and in consonance with, rather than contrary to, the judgment of his official advisers. Can anybody imagine a Chester S. Lord, let us say, as the head of such a Department or even as managing editor of a responsible newspaper, publishing so irrational a tale without verification? To argue that Mr. Daniels is himself an editor is to—but hold, enough!

We have this only to add: When, five months ago, we

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beseeched the President to designate a War Council of five or seven of the best minds of the Nation which should be occupied constantly and exclusively as "a sieve and buffer" for himself, we urged as one of many reasons the necessity of leaving every Cabinet officer free to perform the enormously increased tasks of his Department. Needless to remark, if the Secretary of the Navy had remained at his desk on September 11, attending to his own business instead of engaging elsewhere in what was probably futile discussion of general problems, the country would not have been borne to the heights of glorious anticipation in the morning, only to be dropped into the cavern of "a girl stenographer's" typewritten correction late in the afternoon. But all this is by the way. We are not really complaining. We are hoping.

NO MORE OF "DIVINE RIGHT."

THE "Divine Right of Kings" is played out. That, in racy vernacular of Yankeedom, is the meaning—or one of the chief meanings—of the President's reply to the Pope; and of the Allied Powers' approval of the President's reply. There are other things in that memorable document, of vast importance. This one underlies them and towers above them and pervades them and dominates them all. The United States of America serves notice upon the world that it will have no more dealings with the Divine Right of Kings, or with a government based upon that blasphemous and inhuman principle; and all the Allied Powers, Republic, Kingdom and Empire alike, respond "We, too!"

It is a lie for the German "reptile press"—the phrase and its application are Bismarck's—to pretend as it has been doing that the President is seeking to meddle in the domestic affairs of Germany and to dictate its form of government. *Nothing was further from his mind.* Nothing could be further from the plain purport of his words. It is—save in an academically humanitarian sense—nothing to the President, and nothing to America, whether Germany has an Emperor or a President, an Akhoond or a Great Panjandrum. Every nation to its own taste; and if the German nation likes the sort of thing that it now has over it, why—we have never quarreled with the Old Woman of the proverb, who kissed the cow.

But even the devotees of Kultur must concede that a rule

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must work both ways. If Germany has a clear and indefeasible right to say who shall rule over her, America has an equally clear and indefeasible right to say with whom she will do diplomatic business. It is one of the elementary principles of international law that each nation has a right, which nobody may question, to determine for itself what governments it will or will not recognize, and what ambassadors it will or will not receive. That is not merely an ancient American principle, enunciated by Washington, but it is one which Germany herself has maintained and practised with conspicuous zeal. If therefore the United States declines further to recognize the government of the Hohenzollern Huns, or to receive and treat with ambassadors appointed by it, there can be no question of its acting in accordance with the best-established and most punctilious principles of international intercourse.

What the President demands is that Germany, if she wishes recognition and negotiations, shall seek them through a government with which a self-respecting power can deal, as one that can be believed, be trusted, and be held responsible. The present German Government does not answer these requirements. It cannot be believed, cannot be trusted, cannot be regarded as responsible. It confesses that it began this war on the pretext of a lie which itself had invented, presumably for the purpose. It confesses and even boasts that it has regarded and treated the most sacred and solemn international conventions as "scraps of paper." Its course for three years has been a compound of mendacity and treachery. There is no truth in it. It would be impertinent and insulting to ask a self-respecting Power to enter into relations with it; as it would be to ask a respectable business man to have friendly dealings with a convicted bunco-steerer. Therefore the President demands, and logically and righteously demands, as a necessary preliminary to negotiations with Germany, the provision of a German Government that is not a stench in the moral nostrils of the world.

It rests, of course, with the German people to do as they please about it; as we have already said. That is their right. But right inevitably implies commensurate responsibility. They have as good a right to stand by their government as we have to stand by ours. They may, if they please, identify themselves with it, declare that it is the kind of government that they like and want, and approve all its falsehoods and

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rapes and thefts and murders. The reptilian—Bismarck's word—*Cologne Gazette* insists that they will do so; and perhaps it knows. "Has not," it demands, "the entire German people, rich and poor, Socialist and Conservative, continually repeated that it stands firm for the Emperor and the Empire? . . . The German people may be relied upon to range themselves more firmly around the Emperor against this hypocrite." Very well. That, we repeat, is their right. Only, they must recognize and accept the consequences, and those consequences must inevitably be that we shall have to treat them as we are now treating their government. We have hitherto made it plain, from the beginning, that our quarrel is not with them but with their government. Our declaration or recognition of war was not of a war with Germany but with "the Imperial German Government." But if now the German people identify themselves with that government and make themselves a party to its crimes and to its war, they will make themselves also a party to our hostility.

We have said that our Government refuses longer to deal with Divine Right. That is because all these unspeakable infamies of the Huns, against which we are warring, are the direct manifestations of the exercise of that assumed prerogative. It is because of this megalomaniac obsession of a special commission and charter from the Almighty that William of Hohenzollern considers himself authorized to repudiate treaties, to utter falsehoods, and to order his subordinates to burn and steal and rape and murder and to break every law of God and man. A principle of government which induces such practices is impossible of further recognition at the hands of civilization.

It must be remembered that William of Hohenzollern is not only the foremost living exponent of that principle but also one of the most extreme exponents of it that ever lived. We can recall no mediaeval despot who ever more baldly enunciated or more boldly practised it. "I take my authority," he has repeatedly said, "from God and from nobody else. I am responsible to Him and to Him alone." Not the German people; he takes no authority from them and owes no responsibility to them. Not the Constitution. Not the Parliament. Not the Federated Princes of the empire. No; none of these has anything to say about it. It is a personal, private matter between the Hohenzollern and the Almighty.

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Having received this mandate from God, he proclaims it in no uncertain terms. One of his "reptile press"—Bismarckian euphemy—the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin, a specially "inspired" organ of the Government, waxes furious over the President's "absolute mendacity" in speaking of the Emperor and his associates as the "masters" of the German people. But the word is not the President's. It is the Emperor's. "There is only one master here," he has said, "and it is I. There is but one will in Germany, and it is mine. Him who opposes it I will dash to pieces." In the face of such declarations, made repeatedly, vociferously, ostentatiously, and not only unchallenged but acquiesced in and even applauded, it is as silly as it is insincere for the German press now to affect indignation at the President's apt employment of the Emperor's own word.

It must, it is true, be confessed that Divine Right has been a weary while a-dying. Cromwell probably thought that he had destroyed it when he sent Charles Stuart to the scaffold; but in fact he had merely rendered it slowly moribund, and in that one kingdom alone. The French Revolutionists thought that they had ended it for all the world when they sent the descendant of St. Louis to the embrace of the guillotine; but they, too, had merely given it, for that one realm, a blow which was destined to prove mortal but not for three-quarters of a century. The present case differs, however, from these and all others in a radical and definitive respect. When those former exponents of Divine Right were righteously stricken down, they commanded the sympathy, more or less active, of the rest of the world, which arrayed itself against their destroyers. But in the present instance practically all the rest of the world is aligned with the foes of Divine Right. France and Spain and the Empire and practically all Europe condemned Cromwell and strove to rehabilitate in England the doctrine and system which he had struck down; and indeed temporarily succeeded in so doing. Prussia and Austria and Russia and others flew to arms in support of the Divine Right of the Bourbons against the people of France; and so far succeeded in their design as to compel France to take another monarch in place of the one she had deposed. But now that the United States of America has pronounced international outlawry against the accursed thing, not only the Republic of France and the Democracy of Russia, but also the Kingdom of Great Britain

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and Ireland, and the Kingdom of Italy, and the Empire of Japan, and the other powers of whatever name or nature, save only the Quadruplicate Cabal of Kultur, all respond, "So be it!"

The President has voiced the judgment of God's world upon the would-be usurper of God's power. He has made it clear that Divine Right, always an abortion and an abomination, is now an anachronism. It can no longer command recognition or respect. Despots who "affect the god" have had their day, and that day is now closing in a night that will have for them no succeeding dawn. To obtain recognition in the Court of the Nations a government will hereafter have to present better credentials than any self-arrogated "Divine Right." And we must esteem it a most appropriate and most felicitous thing, to be regarded with grateful exultation, that the United States of America has had the high and holy privilege of taking the initiative in this superb achievement. One hundred and forty-one years ago this nation came into being above the death and burial of the Royal Prerogative—dead and buried not alone in these revolutionized Colonies but also in the kingdom-empire of the Mother Country as well. That, America did, when first it called itself a nation. Now, when after these many years it at last takes its due place as a nation among nations in the universal commonwealth of mankind, it fittingly achieves this sequel and crowning work of striking down Divine Right and enthroning Democracy in its stead.

It was eighty-seven years ago last January when Webster described the Government of the United States as "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." It will be fifty-four years, come next month, since Lincoln gave that same epigram immortal form and dedicated America to the task of seeing to it "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It is the dawning glory of our own time that America henceforth refuses to recognize any other government as valid, and takes the lead of the loyally responding nations in decreeing that in the place of what was so impiously called "Divine Right," now dead and damned, government of the people, by the people, for the people, not merely shall not perish from the earth, but shall be safe upon the earth, and shall prevail throughout the earth!

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"TREASON MUST BE MADE ODIOUS"

THE phrase is Andrew Johnson's; one of the best-remembered sayings of one of the least-remembered of our Presidents. "Treason must be made odious." It is a saying which it is peculiarly pertinent to recall at the present time; and which it will be—thank Heaven! we may also say it has already been and now is—particularly profitable for the President and his associates to adopt as an aggressive rule of action.

"Treason must be made odious." What, then, is the thing against which this righteous anathema is directed? Says the Constitution of the United States, Article Three, Section Three, Clause One: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." That is all; but it is enough. The clause was purposely drafted to permit the largest possible measure of political freedom, and to avoid the gross abuses under which, in some countries, men were convicted of treason on the flimsiest of pretexts and doomed to the severest of punishments. But the fact that it was intended to confine convictions of treason to certain specified offences does not in the slightest degree suggest that we are to be lenient with those offences. On the contrary, the more restricted the grounds are on which a man may be convicted of treason, the more rigorous and inexorable, logically, must be the enforcement of the law and the exaction of its penalties upon all within those bounds.

"Treason must be made odious." Note, then, that treason constitutionally does not consist alone in waging war against the United States. The offense is equally great if one simply adheres to the enemies of this country. Moreover, that adherence need not mean joining their army or their navy. It is made perfectly clear what "adhering" to the enemies of the United States means, or may mean. It means "giving them aid and comfort." A man who does that is a traitor, by constitutional prescription, and he is just as much a traitor as though he waged open war against this country.

"Treason must be made odious." Let us see to what extent the "I Won't Work" organization, or whatever "I. W. W." may be interpreted to mean, measures up to

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the constitutional standard of treason. We need not concern ourselves at present with the conspiracies with German agents of which some of its members are plausibly suspected. Those things are being investigated, and before these lines are printed we shall not be surprised to see the suspicions verified with "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." It is sufficient for the present purpose to consider the acts and purposes of the I. W. W. which are known, which are not concealed or denied, which are not only confessed but even boasted. Those acts—"overt acts," in constitutional phrase—comprise the destruction of material necessary to the Government in the waging of the war, the forcible interference with and hindering of works and processes similarly necessary to the Government for the conduct of the war; and the more or less forcible obstruction of the enlistment or conscription of the soldiers necessary to the Government for the waging of the war. If such performances do not give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, then words have lost their meaning. And to give such aid and comfort is treason.

"Treason must be made odious." Let us consider the case of those several times multiplied Tailors of Tooley Street who impudently call themselves the "People's Council of America" and affect to represent the American nation. Some of their proposals are sufficiently platitudinous —and hebetudinous—to convey antidote with their bane. Others, however, cannot thus be dismissed. They provide for public agitation against the military system which the Government has adopted and which is absolutely necessary for its successful conduct of the war; and for the general dissemination throughout this country of the proposals of a foreign cabal of a character so pernicious and inimical that our Government very properly refused to give passports to Americans who wished to participate in its German-directed transactions. If public agitation against the development of an adequate military force to prosecute the war, and in favor of yielding to the German proposals of peace, is not calculated to give aid and comfort to our enemies, then again words have lost their meaning. And again, thus to give aid and comfort is treason.

"Treason must be made odious." But then, some will ask, either superficially or disingenuously, is every man who goes on strike against Government works, or who seeks to

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obstruct the execution of a national law or the carrying out of a national policy, guilty of treason? Or is every man who agitates for the repeal of a law which he considers unjust, or who seeks to disseminate information of any matter that is of interest to him, though the Government does not approve it—is every such man to be hanged as a traitor? For the sake of those who ask this superficially but honestly we must give the answer which is already perfectly well known to those who ask intelligently but disingenuously. The answer is, No; and yet again, No. The striker may be entirely honest and law abiding, or he may be a brawler, an incendiary, a murderer; but in either case he may be entirely innocent of treason. The agitator may be a prophet of wisdom and righteousness or he may be a jackass and a public nuisance; but in either case he may be quite free from the taint of treason. It all depends upon the purposes and circumstances of the act; and perhaps more upon the circumstances than the purposes.

"Treason must be made odious." And treason is chiefly practised in connection with war. Indeed, in this country it cannot be practised otherwise than in connection with either actual or potential war. "Enemies of the United States" are an essential factor. Five years ago men might have gone on strike to paralyze all the functions of government; they might have blown up arsenals and sunk the navy; they might have dissuaded men from entering the military service, and have persuaded those in it to desert it; they might have conducted widespread agitation against any military system whatever; they might have flooded the country with pernicious literature, forbidden by the law. In doing these things they might have been guilty of various serious crimes, but the crime of treason would not have been among them, for the simple reason that none of these acts, however atrocious and detestable, would have given aid and comfort to enemies of the United States. But precisely the same acts committed now might properly be adjudged to be treason of the rankest kind, because they would give such aid and comfort.

"Treason must be made odious." We must discriminate between acts done in time of peace and in time of war. We may not fully concede that *inter arma silent leges,* rightly holding that in this country, save in the army itself and in special circumstances of the proclamation of

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martial law, the civil law must always be superior to the military establishment; and that even in time of war the civil rights of citizens are to be scrupulously safeguarded and respected. True. But it is a truism that civil rights differ in peace and war. If an American citizen today should sell plans of our harbors and data concerning our army and navy to the German Government, we suppose that even the pundits of the "People's Council" would admit that he would be a traitor according to the prescription of the Constitution. If he had done so five years ago he would have incurred and would have deserved severe punishment, but it would not have been the punishment of a traitor, because we were then friendly with Germany and there would have been no "enemies of the United States" in the case.

"Treason must be made odious." That is why there are and must be special laws and regulations for time of war, applying to our own citizens, just as there are neutrality proclamations and what not defining the altered status which war makes in our relations with foreign nations. That is why it is expedient for all men to remember that "it's war we're in, not politics." That was the excuse if not altogether the justification of the "alien and sedition" acts of more than a century ago; as it was also their partial condemnation. No rational man can now deny that there was much provocation for those acts, or that there was much good in them, which we are today practising with general approval. Their condemnation was threefold; in that some of their provisions were far too extreme, that they gave too much autocratic power to the President, and that they were too easily liable to gross abuse. To these three causes for the reaction against them we may add two more, now seen through the perspective of history as they were not at the time. One is, that they imposed conditions in time of peace which were suitable only for time of war; and the other, that those were the days of the most extreme and pernicious factionalism ever known in American politics, when eminent statesmen were ready to rail against the best of acts for no other reason than that they were the acts of the other party.

"Treason must be made odious." Therefore we regard with profound satisfaction and a most buoyant heartening the President's vigorous action against the I. W. W. and other disloyal troublers of the land. We have no fear of

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abolition of free speech, in the suppression of soap-box spouters of sedition. The freedom of the press is as dear to us as it is to the once Honorable Tom Watson, but we cannot discern its death nor a menace of its death in the exclusion of the *Jeffersonian* and the *Masses* and other such prints from the mails. But we are quite sure that free speech and free press would quickly go a-glimmering into everlasting limbo if those curb-stone orators and gutter editors had their way and the Hohenzollern Hun were permitted to triumph and to extend his doctrine of lese majesty to the United States as in Prussia.

"Treason must be made odious." Therefore thank God for what has already been done, though late, and let us pray that the good work will go unsparingly on. Remember the definition of treason as given in our Constitution. It is anything which gives aid and comfort to our enemies. It is anything which hampers our Government in its prosecution of the war. It is anything which impairs the efficiency of our military establishment or deprives it of necessary supplies. It is also anything which is designed to embarrass our relations with our allies, or to injure them. All these are acts of treason, and upon the doers of them we invoke, swift and remorseless, the penalty of traitors. In peace, our liberal laws permit the utmost latitude of speech and action, and the man who is "agin' the government" may be as true a patriot as the head of the government himself. But when the nation, back to the wall, is fighting for life and for the life of democracy throughout the world, "he who is not with us is against us;" and he who is against us is our enemy, whether he be a Uhlan or an I. W. W., a member of the Reichstag or of the "People's Council." The only difference between them is that the former is an alien foe while the latter is a domestic traitor.

"Treason must be made odious!"

AMERICANIZING AMERICA

"THE name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity," said Washington, addressing his fellow countrymen, "must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

We should hesitate to imagine what would be the sur-

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prise, the displeasure and the righteous patriotic indignation of the Father of His Country if he were now to revisit the United States and discover a state of affairs in which it was deemed necessary, with high official authority and at great labor and expense, to undertake an elaborate and prolonged campaign for the Americanization of the American metropolis. Yet that is precisely what would confront him in the great city in which he was installed as the first President of the United States; and he would quickly see that there was need of it there, and scarcely less need of it in many other parts of the Union, if not indeed throughout the entire Union.

The committee appointed by the Mayor of New York, which is now entering upon the work in question, reports that eighty per cent of the population of that city is foreign in birth or parentage and in speech. That fact is an indictment of our immigration laws, or of the administration of them; for it is manifestly not for the public good to permit so large a massing of aliens in a single community. How large an influx might be received into the country as a whole, under a proper system of distribution, may be uncertain. It is quite certain that it is not right to permit incoming aliens thus to settle down in a single city until they form a large majority of its population and reproduce within its boundaries the very same social and moral or immoral and unsanitary conditions which are the reproach of their former homes. Of what avail is it to flee from a ghetto in Europe and to create a new ghetto in America?

But that is not the only nor the worst reproach that falls upon us. It was bad to let so many aliens settle in that one city. It was worse to let them remain—we might almost say, encourage and all but compel them to remain—aliens. For that is what has been done not only in New York but also in many other places and largely throughout the country. There has been no organized attempt to Americanize them. They have been left to herd by themselves and to maintain here not only the language but also the manners and customs and whole social economy of the old country.

We have—Americans have—insisted that this should be done. In the Legislature, in the press, even in some of the pulpits, it has been insisted over and over again that alien immigrants should not be required to conform themselves with any American standard, but should be free to retain

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their own. The number of aliens in the metropolis, their solidarity in certain sections of the city, the extent to which they retain their old customs, the number and circulation of periodicals in foreign tongues—all these have been treated not as conditions which are to be abated as quickly and as completely as possible, but rather as things of pride and boasting. They have been used as political stock in trade, to be cherished and preserved. Because we are a composite nation, we have seemed to think that we should preserve our composite character as an asset.

So we have failed not only to assimilate but even to digest the great mass of aliens that has been received; with the result that today it lies a foreign body within the state. It should be obvious to all that such a condition is undesirable and potentially pernicious. We must regret, though perhaps it is quite characteristic of us, that it has required the prodigious and tragic cataclysm of the world war to arouse us to a recognition of the evil and to a realization of the necessity of abating it. But at least we should not now let the awakening, which has come to us at so great cost, be neglected or in vain. If we do nothing else for our domestic life in all this war, we should at least make sure that every American citizen is indeed an American.

There are some things to be done officially. One is, to abolish utterly and forever the system of dual allegiance which Germany for years had the effrontery to foist upon us. It would not be inappropriate to refuse naturalization of aliens from any country which undertook to maintain such a system. Another thing is, to require of immigrants prompt and unequivocal entry into American citizenship, through admission of aliens into this country in numbers determined by the proportion of them who became naturalized. If immigrants from a certain country become naturalized, let them come in; if they refuse to become naturalized, shut them out. We might, for example, decree that there should be received from any country in one year only as many immigrants as had been naturalized from that country in the preceding year, plus a certain percentage to permit of an increase in immigration.

It is probable, too, that there has been too much teaching of foreign languages in our public schools and too little teaching of the English language to foreigners. It is notorious, for example, that German has been taught in

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many schools not because it was useful for American children to learn that foreign tongue, but because the large German element in the community demanded such propagation of their mother tongue among their children, as a matter of pride. They wanted their children, American born, to be able to speak German at home, and thus to retain that tongue in the family circle, just as in the old country. Nor would it be improper to impose some handicap, in postage rates or otherwise, upon the circulation of papers and periodicals printed in alien tongues. We would not suppress such prints, unless for cause, but we certainly would discourage rather than encourage them. Aliens coming hither should learn the English language and read English papers, and not seek to perpetuate the use of an alien tongue.

As for the unofficial, social and other methods of Americanizing aliens, they are many and effective if properly employed. We imagine that the use of the hyphen has now been made almost sufficiently odious, in political and other public relations. But even the implication of it in social and private life should be discouraged. Instead of Americans taking pleasure in seeing alien manners and customs and sympathies preserved and cherished among them, they should convert their immigrant neighbors to taking pleasure in adopting American manners and customs and in cultivating American sympathies. America is no longer an experiment. It is an achievement. The laws of compensation and conformity should prevail. When the alien comes hither to gain the great advantages which America offers to him over the old country, he should give something in return for them; namely, he should abandon and renounce the systems and customs and sympathies of the old country. He should conform himself with American manners and customs and principles, and become in heart and soul American. To adapt the words of Washington:

"The name of American, which belongs to them in their naturalized capacity, should always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from former habitation or allegiance."

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THE TWO VIEWS

BY ARTHUR POLLEN

THAT the main object in war is to bring about the utter breakdown of the enemy, so that his armed forces, the people and the government seem to disintegrate in a common impulse to surrender, has long passed into a commonplace. If the enemy's armed forces on land are beaten, and his fleets scattered and sunk, then it is generally not long before the civil organization, being helpless, yields. But, even without an utter *debâcle* in the field, there may yet be a kind of spontaneous breakdown of the State. Armies may entrench to avoid defeat; fleets can lie protected in harbor. The State that avoids decisive battle invites siege. Siege and the hardship that it brings, financial stringency, the pressure of economic ruin, the threat that such ruin must grow more intense if the now hopeless struggle is prolonged, will make a civil population despair of victory, distrust its leaders, and surrender before perhaps all is lost. Either of the two main operations of war then, battle or siege, may have the desired effect. But more commonly it is victorious battle followed by stringent siege that brings about surrender. Surrender does not come until the nation as a whole is conscious that it can do no more. That State can endure the greatest stringency whose confidence in its government remains unshaken.

All this, as I have said, is a commonplace. But, a corollary follows whose truth is not so generally apprehended. If defeat is the cessation of a whole nation's effort, victory can only follow a whole nation's effort. It takes a nation, that is to say, to beat a nation. And in the struggle it is not legend strength, not statistics, not book entries that count,—but blows given in the field, and siege rigorously enforced. War is fighting and fighting is killing. It is not the nation with the most men, with the greatest riches, with the best organized industries or the largest tonnage

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of trade and shipping that necessarily wins. It is the nation that puts into the fighting line the greatest number of the best fighting men, the best armed, equipped and munitioned, and best led: the nation that can cut its enemy's supply lines. Should not this be a commonplace too?

One ventures on the statement that it is not, because the common talk of the last few months shows that the generality of men ignore it. This talk has been singularly reminiscent of what we in Europe heard in the early days of the war. When in August, 1914, the long threatened, but wholly unexpected, blow at last fell, and Great Britain, as pacific a country as was to be seen in all Christendom, found itself really at war, the leaders of public opinion essayed to reassure those who were alarmed by this staggering event by totalling our assets and comparing them with those of Germany, and finding in the contrast the assurance not only of final, but of speedy victory. The words of a most brilliant Frenchman were recalled. Germany in challenging the two great "intangibles" together, was surely rushing to her doom. History, it is true, held out no great promise of the Russian armies being led to great victory in the field. But equally history had taught us that Russia could never be defeated. As for Great Britain, impregnable in her island home, with her factories and workshops safe from an invasion, and all the resources of four-fifths of the industrial world free to her through her invincible sea power, Great Britain, with her vast accumulated wealth, her great resources in men, and in men of the highest military value,—why, it seemed inevitable that the island empire could raise, equip and arm so vast an army that it could not be long before she could deal a deadly and decisive blow to Germany, fatigued as Germany must be by her struggle with France and Russia. The trick of tabulating statistics we had learned perhaps from Bernhardi. The totals were comforting. The preponderance in men, material, wealth, the capacity to produce munitions, the certainty that sea trade would continue—all these things made it seem absurd to hint that German preparedness and the advantage of interior lines and homogeneous forces under a single command, could turn the scale against us. For, against German preparedness must be set the fact that sea power enabled us to turn every neutral factory into an arsenal, and against the stronger strategic position must be set the deadly stran-

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gle-hold by which this same sea power must sap the enemy's interior strength.

Looking back now it is easy enough to see that we ignored the master task of war. We took it for granted that if the men were there they could be trained into soldiers, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps, and armies, as a matter of course; and if the wealth and material were there, equipment, rifles, guns, and ammunition would naturally follow. We placidly assumed that a supreme navy and a ruthless blockade were synonymous. The conversion of things in their raw state, useless for war, into the perfected instruments for war, must, we seemed to think, happen as by the stroke of a magician's wand. It was under the same hypnosis that we took a larger and stronger and, therefore, an invincible fleet to be the same thing as a victorious fleet. And it made us quite impatient when Lord Kitchener said that the struggle would last three years! We had no wish to face the unpleasant truth that there was a thing to be done of which we had no experience at all, and that that thing could only be done by an agonizing effort and after many failures. We saw the material elements, imagination supplied what they would mean in fighting force, and when we pictured to ourselves the accomplished fact, we either saw Germany beaten and defeated, or so certainly threatened with defeat, that surrender would be sure and immediate. For, just as it was obvious that once organized for war the Allies must be vastly more powerful than Germany, so did it seem obvious that the German people must realize this truth and refuse to continue in dull subservience to their tyrannical chiefs. We over-rated our efficiency; we under-rated the enemy's endurance.

No need to remind the reader that the conversion of peace-trained Britain and her world empire from what they were three years ago into the fighting power they are today, has not been the simple, easy, inevitable affair that it seemed in 1914. The transition from "ought to be" and "must be" into actual "being," has neither been automatic nor pleasant. It has, in fact, been painfully vicissitudinous. Three times have we changed our government, four times our Secretary of State for War. We have had four First Lords of the Admiralty, an equal number of First Sea Lords. Not till we were nearing the end of the third year of war, did we learn the need of separating strategy and command,

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in naval administration, from purchase and supply. We made this belated revolution but a few months ago. We have had to create new departments of government, vaster in their scope and more multitudinous in their activities than were any departments in time of peace. And these in turn —for munitions, for shipping, for the control of the food supply, etc., have changed their leadership again and again. If, at last, we have come somewhere near doing what, in 1914, we took it for granted we should do, it has only been after failures of men and methods, of which the tale is long.

We misunderstood and underrated altogether what we had to do. That was our popular error. Our enemy fell into a worse. He was convinced that we could never get so far as even to do the thing wrong. There has recently been reprinted in the *New York Tribune,* an article by the egregious Ertzberger published in *Germania* in the last week of the first August of the war. Lord Kitchener had just called for an army of five hundred thousand men. Ertzberger, with every circumstance of ponderous Teutonic humor, assured his confiding countrymen that we could never raise or train a force of even half this strength. Now that we have raised in the British Islands alone, a force of more than ten times this strength, Ertzberger should know better.

And yet, as I said before, the events of the last few months seem to show that the American intervention in the war has occasioned the expression of views curiously like those that I have just recalled. Once more the leaders of public opinion on the Allied side have been swung off their feet by the statistical argument. Once more the enemy has tried to discount the ultimate threat by noisy scepticism. It may serve a useful purpose to summarize these very opposite views. What is the public attitude in this matter in Great Britain, France, and particularly, perhaps, in the United States? It is an attitude that grows naturally out of a series of very impressive facts. First, the financial, industrial and agricultural resources of the United States have been organized so as to be wholly disposable for the great common purpose, to achieve which we are all allied. It is a stupendous combination of government action in fixing prices, in imposing a common policy on great independent concerns, of a staggering voluntary effort by the farmers and gardeners of the country to add to the pro-

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ductiveness of the widest prairie acres and of the smallest suburban plots. The call for this effort was only made in the Spring, and, before the Summer was far advanced, the greatness of the response was already manifest. Not less outstanding, is the Government's effort to turn raw material into the instruments of war. Over six hundred million dollars have been voted for an air fleet alone. Two thousand five hundred million dollars are being asked for artillery in the field. A shipbuilding program that will tax the nation's resources to the uttermost, is assured. Already the first loan has been issued, and this, though but a third of the last British loan in amount, met with a success that was unprecedented, in that it secured subscribers not only by the hundreds of thousands, but by the million. An unprecedented revenue bill has been passed. A new and vaster loan issue is in preparation. No further proof was needed that America's capacity to raise the money for war at least equals the generosity of her intended use of it. Finally, a nation, even more wedded to peace than were we of the old country three years ago, has without a murmur accepted the principle of compulsory military service, and though the age of liability has been fixed over a far narrower span than is the case with us, one and one-half million men were forthwith registered to fight when called upon. This, by itself alone, is a prodigious demonstration of potential strength. Let the worst come to the worst, so that boys down to the age of eighteen must be taken, and middle-aged men up to forty-two, and the United States seemingly could put an army of thirteen million into the field with no greater effort than it has cost us to raise an army of five.

Tabulate these facts in the mind's eye: The unparalleled resources and activities all consecrated now to the common cause; the overwhelming power to manufacture devoted from now on to producing a vast armament; the incredible air fleet; the huge equipment; the tonnage that war calls for; the moneyed strength of the richest community in the world steadily organizing for war finance on a scale unthought of elsewhere; finally, the inexhaustible millions of the finest fighting material that the world can produce. Can any facts be more impressive? Is it strange that the imagination loves to dwell upon them? Is it unnatural that we should all fall into the old error and think that what ought to be, must be, and will be? Is it sheer foolishness when we

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attribute some of our own imagination to the enemy and picture him to ourselves frightened into paralysis by so overwhelming a menace, and betraying his fear of the inevitable end in the recent ministerial episode in Berlin?

Such is the popular view, but, though based on undeniable facts, it is vitiated by the same fallacy that led us in Great Britain into a fool's paradise in the opening months of the war. The enemy puts forward a very different view. Is he as far wrong now about America as he was three years ago about Great Britain? Those who are familiar with such fragmentary reports of the Reichstag speeches as are published, and with the leading articles of the principal German papers during the last six months, hardly need to be reminded of the German attitude toward America's intervention. In everything the German writes he illustrates the fable of the fox that lost its tail. He has to submit to autocracy, and this leaves him no alternative but to deride the governments of free people. This contempt inspires all his criticism and is the basis of all his hopes. In a country under the control of an elective assembly, whether Parliament or Congress, the German sees nothing but an engine of state incapable of action, because every working part of the machine is either clogged with talk or distempered by the cross purposes of party politics. While then he admits, as of course he must, the vast resources of America, he is blissfully confident that the processes by which they can be forged, annealed and ground to a striking spear-head, are things utterly unattainable. And he gives three reasons for this belief. He starts with a premise that victory is the reward of the national will to fight and conquer. His second premise is that such a national will can only operate through a government impregnated with doctrines of military and naval strategy, and untrammeled in its power to subject everything in the nation to the laws of military necessity. Only so, he asserts, can the plough-share turn into a sword in time to be of use. His third premise is that time is on the side of the Central Powers.

This is how he applies his premises to the situation: The Americans are a community by nature as pacific as were the British in 1914. Two and one-half years of neutrality, during the greatest war the world has ever seen, have given to this congenital pacifism not only a fresh bias against all war, but a specific bias against this war. It follows, therefore,

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that the community can have no common will to conquer, and the first factor essential to victory is, therefore, lacking. He then goes on to say, that the very exaggerated form of the American democratic constitution must be fatal to war efficiency, even if the war spirit existed. How can a President and Cabinet, he asks, elected or appointed almost for their anti-warlike qualities, change themselves into the opposite of their former selves? Try as they will, it must take an intolerably long time before any kind of American fighting force by land or sea can figure at the front. And unless it is at the front, it has no war value at all. Westminster, for all the absurdities of its Parliamentary government, was in better shape for making war than Washington, and it was not until the battle of the Somme began that Great Britain had in the field a striking force that mattered. And the Somme was twenty-three months after the making of the British Army began! He argues, then, that America will take at least three years where Great Britain took two, and that the German armies are safe from American attack until the Spring of 1920.

And this, he goes on to show, is but another way of stating that America can never come into the war at all. The reason is simple. Long before 1920 the submarine will have made the continuance of the war impossible, for the Alliance is based upon the sea, and the Allied control of the sea is subject to so steady an attrition, that its vanishing point must come long before America's three years' preparation can run out. It is not within British or American power to replace this shipping as fast as it goes. And it has not, and presumably cannot be defended. And with the use of the sea gone, a compromise peace follows inevitably. Thus America cannot strike effectively because it cannot bring a strength proportioned to her national resources to bear upon the point where strength is wanted. Such, in brief, is the German view.

It is out of the question that we should admit its truth even upon a single point. Like all German views, it is based upon a misunderstanding of foreign institutions and peoples. It omits from its calculations that the experience of Europe is open to America. It fails to see that Great Britain took twenty-three months to organize a great striking army precisely because it was a task never attempted by a non-military government before. It fails to recognize that

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a task done once can not only be done again, but can be done far more effectively and swiftly by avoiding the errors Great Britain has made. And, these calculations take no account of something else. The American Government may have had no departmental experience parallel with the vast activities that war demands, but in no country in the world is there so long experience of vast activities, not yet of activities so efficiently put through. The German view is wildly wrong again in supposing the American people to be unwarlike by nature or biased against this war.

Yet, with all its fantastic errors, there are, it seems to me, certain disillusioning correctives we can learn from the enemy's attitude in this matter. It is obviously a plain necessity of the case that the people and the Government must work as one. But, it is no less a necessity that the common plan on which all unite must be in accord with, because dictated by, sound strategy. There must be military and naval guidance, that is to say, for every point of policy. And particularly useful is the enemy's reiterated warnings that he does not fear America because the submarine can keep America off the field.

It is indeed by so much the supreme question of the day as to be almost the only one. It is the sole cloud upon the horizon. If it can be eliminated—the rest is easy and the result certain. We must neutralize this threat—or stop fighting: for we can not continue fighting without that the ships bring us. The effort of the nations in Europe has exhausted all the fighting nations' resources. We are fighting an enemy who has fortified himself to avoid annihilation in the field, and his fortifications can be beaten down only by the employment of guns in fabulous quantities, and by an expenditure of munitions that baffles belief. The strain of maintaining the vast armies and their vast armaments has made England, France and Italy so dependent on overseas supplies that should this supply be cut off, our fighting strength would be crippled. The loss of the food and raw material that still reaches us from North and South America, Australia and India, might not spell defeat, but it would certainly spell stalemate and a compromise. And, it is not only to the continuation of our sea supplies that we are looking. Our hopes are centered on seeing, on the Western Front, an army of Americans who will give the *coup de grace.*

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The net damage that the submarine has done since February has not yet been authoritatively stated. But, it would seem likely that the first eight months will see five million tons sunk, and another million or two crippled and for many months out of action. It is a rate of loss that has only to continue for one more year to paralyze the Alliance. For, in the eight months that have past, we have not been able to replace one-fifth of our losses, and in the year to come, we shall not be able to replace as much as a half, if our future losses equal those we have suffered so far.

What then are we to make of the situation? Remember there are two things that shipping has to do. It has to keep Europe fed and munitioned. It has to transport, supply and maintain an American army in the field. In Great Britain the food question is largely solving itself. Incredible as it may appear, even with our depleted labor ranks, we have reduced our dependence on imported food by more than one-half. There is no fear that England, or Italy, or France, will starve. But, the character of war being what it is, will the Armies be able to fight actively when the world's shipping is cut down by nine million tons? Can an American army, of decisive strength, with serviceable munitions and equipment, be, by any possibility, maintained in France? If it takes four tons to land and maintain each soldier at the Front, then the destruction of five million tons of shipping has reduced the possible American Army in France, by one and one-quarter million men already, and each month will cut the numbers by above one hundred thousand more.

If we are to prove the German view to be false, if it is the military intervention of the United States that alone can be decisive, then obviously there remains something to be done that has not yet been done. Unless the submarine is stopped altogether, or at least very seriously checked, it is doubtful if America can deliver any direct effective military help at all.

Now what kind of contribution can be made by America toward the solution of this vital problem? Much she has done already. She has sent over every destroyer, every patrol vessel, that can possibly be spared. They constitute a much more numerous force than the public knows, and a force which is brilliantly efficient, splendidly equipped, still more splendidly manned and commanded. We have in the

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last few weeks heard that this destroyer force is to be augmented as greatly and as rapidly as the shipyards of this country, backed by unlimited money, can construct and build. The large program entered on before the war is to be accelerated. Mr. Hurley and Admiral Capps are stretching the building of tonnage to replace losses, to the utmost. And other measures have been taken, more effective still, the nature of which cannot yet be publicly discussed, which may have very far reaching results indeed. All these things are enormously to the good, though I cannot doubt myself that it would be wise to build more patrol vessels and fewer merchant ships. For, the production of twenty-eight knot destroyers cannot be rapid, while sixteen or twenty knot patrol boats might be built in great quantities and in a short period, and, failing destroyers, such patrols would give admirable defense to convoys. There is more to be got by defending the old ships than by building new ones.

But, when all these protective measures have been taken, it still remains that the root of the matter will be untouched. The root questions are these: Is the naval strategy of the Alliance unquestionably the best that is possible? Have we exhausted anti-submarine tactics? Is it utterly impossible to destroy the submarine by destroying its bases? Is there no new and untried policy that can be tested? Until quite recently we have not thought so in England. Indeed, those who had studied the thing most profoundly were the most active in denouncing the Admiralty and its inability to inaugurate new methods. The agitation that ran through April and May and brought about the transformation at Whitehall, to which reference has already been made, was based largely on the need of a new strategy and a demand to be rid of those responsible for the failure of the old. For the first time the conduct of the war is now in the hands of a War Staff, and it looks as if that Staff were no longer dominated by the reactionary group which crippled our sea power all through the first years of the war. Now, is not this a moment when America could contribute something more than ships, and mines, and sea contrivances and munitions of all kinds, splendid and generous as these offers have been, incomparable and skillful as are the vessels and crews already sent or promised? If the naval strategy of the war is rightly being revised, should not the American Navy have a hand in its revision? If England has at last produced a War Staff,

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cannot America do the same, so that the two Staffs should work as one?

In a paper contributed to this magazine more than eighteen months ago, when Mr. Daniels' great naval program for 1916 was first under discussion, I ventured to suggest to my American readers, that the organization of naval brains for war would add far more to the strength of the American Fleet than the construction of any amount of naval material. The officers of the American Navy include in all ranks men not only of very exceptional mental gifts, but of gifts trained by a singularly thorough and exacting professional training. These men have been spectators of the war in Europe for more than three years. They have studied its every phase, and studied each impartially. They have formed views and conclusions of their own. They have formulated ideas and plans which their analysis of events and knowledge of modern weapons and their inventiveness, all contribute to make of value. It seems to me irrational to suppose that a fully equipped naval War Staff, chosen from amongst those who are notoriously the ablest, could not, after a thorough and impartial personal investigation into all the facts of the case, contribute something towards the naval policy of the war, original—and decisive. America has already produced novel weapons and appliances which, as I have said, must be kept secret, but should be of very great importance. Another, Admiral Fiske's, invention of the torpedo-carrying plane, has been tried and been proved successful, but has never been tried on the scale and with the boldness that the modern advance in aeronautics would justify.

But, war is not waged nor fought by mere mechanical ingenuity. If it takes a whole nation to beat a whole nation, it takes a whole navy to beat a navy. The skillful use of weapons is of incalculably greater importance than the intrinsic excellence of the weapons themselves. And no sea weapons can be used except through the medium of naval operations, and this, in turn, means that all the naval arts have to be combined to make any one naval weapon effective. Thus, whatever the equipment that exists, the effect of any single invention is dependent solely upon its right combination with all the other parts of the naval machine. A torpedo attack from the air should be part of a gun attack from the sea. Success, in short, lies in combination and co-opera-

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tion. It is precisely because of the extreme complexity of the engines of naval war that their right use cannot be discovered, nor once discovered ensured, except under the multiple direction of a Staff working together with a single view to united action.

I cannot but think that the British Navy would extend a warm welcome to any proposal for an American co-operation of this kind and on the right scale. It will be no small thing—if we admit that everything now turns on right naval strategy—that the American Navy should be jointly responsible with ours in so critical a matter. But, apart from this relief, there is a real ground for hope that fresh minds will contribute new and fruitful ideas, and there can be no question that it is new ideas that are wanted.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

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SWEDEN FROM THE INSIDE

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THE question of the neutrality of the Scandinavian countries, in general, and of Sweden in particular has once more come to the front, and this in rather an appalling manner thanks to the recent discoveries by the United States State Department of the use which the German Government has made of the Swedish Legation in Argentina and in Mexico for forwarding its messages, unknown to the Allies. For those who had watched with care all that went on in Sweden since the beginning of the war, these discoveries did not come with so much of a shock, for these people were very well aware of the strong pro-German proclivities of the Swedish Ministry, especially since the departure of the only reasonable element in the former Cabinet, Mr. Wallenberg, had left the field free for German sympathies to assert themselves. Though the Socialist and Liberal party headed by Mr. Branting were decidedly in favor of the Allies, yet the Government did not feel itself strong enough to renounce the traditional policy which had for its first principle the necessity to keep upon good terms with the Kaiser, his subjects and his ministers, whilst German agents and German money were more active in Scandinavia, and notably so in Sweden, than anywhere else in the world.

Germany understood but too well the immense advantages she possessed by keeping an open door to the Baltic and North Seas, which Sweden and Denmark could shut so easily, were they to join the ranks of her enemies, and consequently she spared no effort to cultivate good relations with these two countries as well as with Norway.

From the very beginning of the war she inundated Scandinavia with a whole army of spies and secret emissaries, who

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possessed the art of appealing to the innate selfishness of all Scandinavians, as well as to their greed, mingled with an exaggerated fear of Russia. In Sweden especially, the latter feeling was not only encouraged, but artificially provoked. There does not exist in the whole world an individual more penetrated with the feeling of his own importance than the Swede, who believes quite sincerely that the eyes of the whole European Continent are turned upon him, and that his fatherland is one of the most important factors in the general political situation, as it has developed itself in consequence of the war. His vanity has made him believe quite sincerely that the one desire and aim of Russia is the conquest of Sweden, and when the present struggle began, one could meet at every street corner in Stockholm, men and women who related to you quite gravely, that an immense Russian army was already massed on the frontier of Finland, ready to invade the realm of the Bernadottes. It was useless to try and argue that point. The Swedes clung to it with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and one found plenty of people who seriously told you that one of the reasons why Germany had gone to war, had been the desire to prevent the premeditated aggression of Russia against its Swedish neighbor. Of course Teutonic agents and spies did their best to encourage these extravagant notions, and it is an undoubted fact, that ever since the outbreak of hostilities, Stockholm has been one of the most active centers of German intrigue against the Allies in Europe. They could give themselves free scope there, and flourish with an impunity which sometimes struck the onlooker as being one of the very remarkable symptoms of a situation, which was anything but neutral, in the literal sense of that word.

In fact Sweden has never been neutral, though its Government has tried to follow a policy of neutrality. But the army, the officers without exception, most of the aristocracy and Court officials, and members of the Royal Family headed by no less a person than the Queen of Sweden herself, were all distinctly and avowedly pro-German, and this to the extent of rendering the position of the Crown Princess, an Englishwoman by birth, cousin to King George, most difficult and complicated, notwithstanding the fact that she was perhaps the only person in the whole of Sweden who had remained really neutral, and who had had sufficient tact to refrain from expressing her private opinions in public. This

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was more than could be said for the Queen, who brought to bear a certain affectation in her frankly pronounced affection for that beloved Germany from whence she hailed. The Queen's party, as it was called, was a strong one, and exercised a considerable influence in certain circles of society, where it was sought to discredit everything connected with the Allies, and with their policy. England in particular was represented as being the special enemy of Sweden, owing to the fact that she had stopped supplies, and put an embargo on the considerable contraband which was being carried on through the Scandinavian countries to Germany.

In regard to the latter fact, there is one consideration which must never be lost sight of, when attempting to come to a sound conclusion in regard to the conduct of the Scandinavian countries during the war, and this is the following one. When hostilities began, the first thought which entered the Swedish mind, was that of the possibility of making the situation turn to the advantage of Sweden from the commercial point of view. Stockholm became a vast stock exchange where everything under the sun was bought and sold pertaining to army needs and provisions. Regiments of shady speculators, who one and all called themselves commissionaires of governments that would never have dreamed of having anything to do with their more or less disreputable personalities, invaded the Swedish capital, where they proceeded to organize shareholders' societies and companies, under the pretext of trading honestly, and really occupied themselves with spying for the advantage of Germany, or with securing contraband for her benefit. They all of them had Swedish employees, and brought money into Sweden. This was more than sufficient to make Germany popular in the latter country, even if she had not been so for other reasons.

This golden age lasted for nearly two years, and then the evils engendered by the leniency of the Swedish Government in regard to these Teuton malefactors became apparent, and Sweden, through no fault of her own, found herself one day in the throes of a crisis such as she had never known before, in the whole course of her national history.

One does not export for months and months all one's food abroad, without coming to rue it in time, and Sweden was to discover to her detriment that her German sympathies had brought her very close to starvation, a starvation out of which, let us hope, she will emerge a reasonable being,

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and understand at last that her real interest lies with the Allies, and not with the Kaiser, or his satellites and followers.

Here I must touch upon a point which I believe has never yet been sufficiently appreciated, or noticed, and that is the mistake committed by the Allies in thinking that Sweden was such a small and unimportant country, that it was not worth while spending money, or making efforts to win it over to their cause. A few millions, judiciously distributed, might at the outset have done more than anything else to convert the Swedes to common sense, if I may use this expression. By this I do not mean that anyone ought to have been bought over or corrupted, but merely that if the Scandinavian countries had been given more opportunities to trade exclusively with the Allied Powers, and had been granted more facilities for doing so, they would not have shown themselves so eager and ready to propitiate Germany, as has been the case. But the latter put so many opportunities in their way for enriching themselves, that it was but natural they should feel in sympathy with a nation which never hesitated in showing itself gracious towards them. This explains better than anything else why Germany became so popular in Sweden in particular, added to the fact that the latter came at last to believe quite seriously in the dark designs nursed by Russia in regard to her, a belief encouraged by the various political intrigues which Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg, through the intermediary of his numerous agents, perpetually entertained on Swedish soil.

Among them there is one which I cannot resist the temptation to relate here. When Russia proceeded to fortify the islands of Aland, a whole campaign was started in the Swedish press, to oblige, so to say, the Government to go to war on the subject. An interpellation was even made in the Swedish Riksdag by a certain General Rapp, an old man already in his dotage, but in possession of a good military reputation in the past, and popular among the army. When he gave way to a violent vituperation against Russia, people wondered what could have suddenly transformed the benevolent old man into such a fighting turkey cock, until at last it was discovered that the very text of his speech, as well as that of a pamphlet which he published about the same time, had been brought to him direct from Berlin, by a lady called Madame Moll, a Hungarian, who had been previously married to a Count Hoyos, and who had become

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one of the most trusted political secret agents of the German Government. This lady had arrived in Stockholm with the precious documents hidden about her person, and of course with a diplomatic passport issued by the Wilhelmstrasse. She had made no secret of the reasons for her journey, and whilst its purport was well known, yet the Swedish Government seemed to ignore it, though this open attempt at corruption of a Swedish subject in his native land ought to have been instantly repressed if that Government had wished to remain neutral.

After Madame Moll, a certain Baron Oppeln, who, for the matter of that, may be still flourishing in Stockholm, went about quite freely, though it was well known that he was the head of the secret intelligence department which Berlin had organized in the Swedish capital, a department which exercised its functions without the least regard to the opinions of the public, and who affected a supreme contempt for Mrs. Grundy, represented by the Allied legations, and by their sympathizers. In fact Stockholm had become a dependency of Berlin in many ways, and the position of those who were not pro-German was anything but enviable there. They were looked upon as intriguers, and considered as spies, of course English spies, since England was really the only nation which was disliked, and to which were attributed the economical difficulties that were becoming more intense every day. Nearly the whole of the press was pro-German, and certain of the daily papers, such as the *Allhanda* and *Afton Blad* in the evening, and the *Stockholm Dagblad* and *Svenska Dagblad* in the morning, were openly subsidized by Germany, and made no secret of the fact. How all these things could be reconciled with the doctrine of neutrality remains a problem!

In regard to commercial matters, things were not much better. Sweden would not find herself at the present day in the presence of the many economical difficulties which confront her, had she remained neutral, as she pretended she was. But in the early days of the war, nearly every article imported into Sweden went over to Germany, and the meanest and most shameful tricks were resorted to in order to elude the conditions imposed by the Allies for the importation of raw products into all the Scandinavian countries. Firms of high repute gave every assurance required from them that the metals, cocoa or coffee sold to them would

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either remain in Sweden, or else go to Russia, but they hastened to forget their promises as soon as they were put in possession of their goods, and forwarded them to Stettin or Lubeck with alacrity. Most amusing stories were related as to the manner in which this was done, and the tricks to which these unscrupulous people resorted to in order to give to the Kaiser the benefit of their acquisitions.

For instance, in more than one case, whole railway trucks on their way to Finland were suddenly shifted during the night, and found themselves at Trelleborg, or some other Swedish port on the Baltic, from whence they were dispatched to Germany. More than that, these people had confederates in Finland, who, in accord with the conditions imposed by the Allies, gave acknowledgments that the goods which had gone to Prussia or to Austria had been received by them, and consequently had reached Russia safely. Everybody knew that this was not true, but nothing could be done, and the only remedy left to the Allies was to put the firms that had been guilty of this breach of trust on the blacklist, which they hastened to do, but which after all was but a poor and platonic kind of satisfaction.

Then again, whole shipments destined bona fide for Scandinavia were sold to Germany secretly by quite another person than the one who had bought them, and the German Government advised of the day these ships would sail from an English port, together with the route which they were to follow. Of course the vessels were captured by a U-boat, and the man who had given the information cleared a round sum, which enabled him to begin again, on a larger scale, the speculation which had succeeded so well for him.

This kind of thing went on for something like two years, when at last Sweden, and together with her the rest of Scandinavia, found themselves faced by a most serious problem, that of finding sufficient food for their inhabitants. The scarcity of the most indispensable articles in the way of provisions became quite alarming, and by the end of the winter of 1916-17 one could find in Sweden neither butter, nor bread, nor sugar, nor coffee, and the price of everything else had risen to something like one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent, in comparison with the preceding years. Coal was so scarce that it became a question how to furnish the electrical energy indispensable for the needs of the large towns and cities. Taxicabs came to an end, and gas was

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transformed into a luxury. The poor population of Stockholm, Copenhagen and Christiania endured privations which were appalling in their intensity, and the Government was at last obliged to interfere, and to try to organize a system of providing for the needs of the country. The model selected was the one prevailing in Germany, but which was not accepted by any means with that resignation which is one of the distinctive features of the latter country.

It was then that a new anti-English and anti-Allies campaign was started, a campaign designed to make the latter responsible for all the disasters which were assailing Scandinavia. The Swedish Government was moved at last out of its usual apathy, but it was too late, and the ministry presided over by Mr. Hammerstein had to resign its functions under the shouts of execration of the whole population of Sweden, with the exception of those German fanatics who saw no salvation for them, or for the country, outside of Berlin. The new Administration was also pro-German, but it was compelled by public clamor to try and come to some kind of agreement with the people, whom it would have liked to betray in the secret of its soul, and it might have been brought to inaugurate an honest policy of neutrality if only the Allies had remained firm, and had insisted upon their conditions being accepted and fulfilled. The moment to do so would have been at the beginning of the German U-boat campaign, which at its debut aroused violent indignation in Sweden, and especially in Norway, whose shipping suffered the most, and whose sympathies have been more English than those of the two other Scandinavian countries. Unfortunately this moment was allowed to pass, and thanks to the perpetual German intrigues which flourished in Christiania, Copenhagen and Stockholm, public opinion is no longer so excited as was the case six months ago. The Swedish Government published long notes tending to prove that if Swedish imports had increased to an almost unheard of extent since the beginning of the war, this was simply owing to the fact that Sweden did not receive any longer the raw materials which Russia and Germany had given to her before the war, and that consequently she had to fall back for her personal consumption on what France, England and the United States could furnish her with; that consequently it was not to be wondered at if her importations from these countries reached abnormal proportions.

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With regard to Russia, the assertion might have been true, but in regard to Germany, it was certainly not the case, because it is a fact well known to all those who have lived in Sweden during the war, that Germany has never refused to furnish her with any kind of raw materials she needed, and these were skilfully handed over to her, under the pretext of compensation for what she was giving in exchange. In view of this latter fact, it would be advisable if the Allies did not attach any importance, or at least not too much importance, to the official Swedish assertion that all the goods which Sweden is receiving now remain in the country, and are not re-exported to Germany.

It is here that the influence of America can come to play a prominent part in the situation, and to become its most powerful and strongest factor. Its refusal to continue playing the part of a dupe will do more to deprive the Kaiser of Scandinavian support than anything else in the world, and this policy of firmness will find many supporters in the Scandinavian countries themselves, because there, as well as everywhere else, a vast democratic movement is beginning to make itself felt, that might easily lead to the establishment of a Scandinavian confederation after the model of the United States.

It must not be forgotten that the strongest and the ablest men in Sweden, not to mention other countries, belong to the ranks of the democrats, who favor a republic. The only real statesman she can boast of is Mr. Branting, who is entirely won over to the cause of the Allies, and is the special object of the abomination of Germany, and it is he who is followed by the whole mass of the Swedish socialists. Were he ever to come to power, which is not an impossibility, in view of the fact that the next elections to the Swedish Riksdag will have been fought by the time this article is published, and will hang on the all important question of shortage of food, it is certain that Sweden would at last observe this neutrality which up to now she has constantly violated, in spite of the firm intention of its Sovereign to remain faithful to it, because King Gustav V is certainly sincere in his desire to keep outside the conflict. Unfortunately the Monarch is often debarred from doing what he would like, in that respect as well as in others. He has against him his wife, his surroundings, and in a certain sense his Government, because so far no Swedish ministry has really shown itself

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neutral in the sense of not trying to make itself amiable in regard to Germans, who lord it in Stockholm just as much as they do in Berlin. The only thing which these Germans dread is the possibility of Mr. Branting becoming Prime Minister, because they are convinced that were this to happen, Sweden would immediately enter the ranks of their enemies. This last fear, however, is not justified, and I believe is only expressed in order to try to sap the popularity of the Socialist leader. Mr. Branting is far too shrewd a politician not to know that were the Scandinavian countries to join the conflict, no matter at whose side, this would mean for them the fate of Roumania in an aggravated form, whereas their "friendly neutrality," to use the expression dear to German hearts, might be of infinite advantage to the Allies, as well as to Scandinavia itself, because it would in the long run oblige it to follow the ways of democracy, and to work together with the rest of the world towards the establishment of a rational form of government.

We must never forget that in this war we are fighting for liberty and for justice against German oppression, and that none among the Allies pursues a selfish aim of conquest. This is the great and solemn truth, which we ought to make clear to Scandinavia as well as all the neutral countries, and we ought also to apply all our efforts to persuade them, that the only way in which they can hope to derive some benefit from the difficulties of the present situation, is in working together with us towards the establishment of a permanent peace in the world. This they can only do by showing themselves really neutral, not by continuing to supply our enemies with the means to go on with the struggle, as they have been doing up to the present day.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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FINANCING GOVERNMENT LOANS

BY BENJAMIN STRONG

Governor, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

THE first offering of our Government's bonds to provide it with funds for the prosecution of the war produced $3,035,000,000 of subscriptions from over 4,000,000 subscribers, and the loan was a success beyond parallel in the history of government finance. The apparent ease with which the loan was taken and paid for must not, however, delude us into the belief that succeeding loans can be subscribed without equal or greater effort, and certainly not without more thorough and extensive preparation than was possible last time.

It must be made clear to our people that loans of the magnitude now required by our Government cannot be paid for in cash, or, as we commonly express it, in "money," but that payment must be made by transfers of bank credit to the Government in exchange for its bonds, which credit the Government must at once disburse, in order to avoid disordered money markets. Cash, which we frequently call "money," must not be confused with credit, which is also too often confused in casual conversation with "money." Cash is what we carry in our pockets in order to make hand to hand payments, and is what banks carry in their vaults as reserve in order that their depositors who require funds for making pay roll and other cash payments may be able to get it when needed. Bank credit, on the other hand, is what is owing by banks of deposit to their depositors, and is not necessarily created by depositing cash in banks, but is, in fact, principally created by loans which banks make to their customers, and which are entered on the books of the bank as deposit credits, payable on demand, to the borrowers, or to those to whom the borrowers have transferred the credit by drawing checks in their favor.

If all of the subscribers for Government bonds paid for

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them in "cash," all of the cash held by the banks as reserves would be transferred to the Government's vaults when payment was made, the banks would be denuded of reserves, and would be unable to meet the demands of their depositors for cash without extensive, and possibly disastrous, liquidation.

Therefore, the payment to the Government of such a vast sum as $2,000,000,000 must be made by transfers of bank balances to the Government's credit, so that the Government in turn may check on these bank balances and pay the bills which it incurs for the support of a great army and navy.

But we must not overlook the fact that bank credit consists as a rule of two kinds of credit: one is the liquid or working capital employed by business men and corporations for business purposes, which they cannot spare without impairment of the efficiency of their business; the other consists of idle capital and of the savings of people and corporations who receive salaries or earn profits, which they do not need to spend, and some part of which they can spare and turn over to the Government in exchange for the Government's bonds. This process of transfer of credit to the Government cannot very well exceed in amount the total of idle capital and savings which is not required for business purposes, unless, of course, the effective conduct of the business of the country is to become impaired by too great a reduction of the working capital now employed in business affairs.

Without enlarging upon the imperative necessity for economy and the creation of savings in the form of bank balances, which may be transferred to the Government's use, it is well to see just what changes take place in banking affairs when these loans are paid for. This may be illustrated by a brief description of the English system, which has proved such a striking success during the war.

Practically all of the banks of England "clear" their checks (that is, settle the differences between those which are presented for payment and those that they hold for collection) through the London Clearing House, which has only seventeen members, if we include the Bank of England. The membership consists of the principal great London joint-stock banks, which have many branches throughout the Kingdom. They all carry reserve accounts with the Bank of

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England, and what they receive or pay as a result of each day's "clearings" is settled simply by a credit or debit in their accounts with the Bank. When a large payment is made to the British Government by subscribers to its loans, these subscribers draw checks on their banks and pay them in to the Bank of England. The payment of these checks by the sixteen clearing banks transfers to the Government an immense credit on the books of the Bank of England from the reserve balances carried with it by these sixteen banks. If one hundred million pounds sterling is paid, it simply means that one hundred million pounds sterling which had formerly stood on the books of the Bank of England to the credit of the joint-stock banks, was transferred to the credit of the British Government on the books of the Bank of England. This transfer may at times so considerably impair the reserve balances of the sixteen banks with the Bank of England, that they find it necessary to discount bills with the bank in order to restore their reserve balances. As soon as this great credit is transferred to the British Government, the Government draws checks to pay its debts, bills for supplies, maturing obligations and various items, the checks being payable to hundreds and thousands of people and institutions, who are creditors of the Government. These checks are at once deposited with their banks by those to whom they are payable, largely of course with the sixteen clearing banks, which in turn redeposit them with the Bank of England, thereby restoring their reserve balances, or giving them sufficient balances to enable them to pay off their discounts.

Thus it will be seen that the British Government has taken £100,000,000 of bank credit which was originally owned by the persons who became subscribers to its bonds. This has been used in payment of Government bills, and those to whom the bills are paid immediately deposit the checks and so return the credit to the banks from which the credit was originally drawn. The net result of the operation is to leave the cash reserves of the banks substantially unchanged, although the Government has borrowed £100,000,000 from one group of people and paid £100,000,000 to another group, *i. e.*, its creditors. One may ask why this does not create some inflation, or require some liquidation, or at any rate effect some considerable change in the banking position. Why do not deposits suddenly

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shrink or suddenly expand, or why do not the banks lose cash? The answer is that those who subscribed for the bonds in the first instance had been saving "money," that is, saving bank credit out of their earnings, for the purpose of subscribing; they had not been wasting the money in extravagant living or by buying new houses or automobiles or luxuries. Had they not saved they would not have been able to pay for the bonds without borrowing from banks, which would have caused the very expansion of bank loans and deposits which saving alone will avoid.

It is on some such thoroughly scientific basis that our banking system must now be developed, and it is only when people of all classes are willing to economize, accumulate their savings in banks and then transfer them to the Government in exchange for Government bonds, that we can enable our Government to meet the huge financial obligations imposed upon it by its participation in the war.

There is a vast difference between what is possible in England and what is possible in this country in handling banking transactions of such volume as those involved in war finance. In England there are less than three hundred commercial banks; practically all of them carry accounts with the sixteen clearing banks in London, and these sixteen banks clear practically all bank checks and bills through the London Clearing House, so that the balances resulting from these clearings are largely settled at one place, namely on the books of the Bank of England. In this country we have nearly thirty thousand banks, and over two hundred and fifty Clearing Houses scattered throughout the country. The twelve Federal Reserve Banks are able at the present stage of their development to clear only a moderate proportion of the checks drawn on the banks of the United States. Our country is of such vast extent, our banks are so numerous and we have so many reserve centers, that the actual settlement—that is the bookkeeping required in connection with these credit transfers—must be planned and conducted with the greatest possible skill in order to avoid disturbance of money rates and disorganization of business in various sections of the country every time a Government loan is paid for. That it can be done was demonstrated by the success with which the transfers involved in the last loan were conducted.

To illustrate the difference between the operation of the

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fairly simple English machine above described and the more complicated working of our system, an account of the transfers resulting from the loan of last June may serve. Prior to the offering, it was known that banking institutions located in every part of the country outside of New York City carried balances with New York banks amounting to about $1,000,000,000, and in addition had some hundreds of millions loaned on the New York Stock Exchange. It was fully expected that in anticipation of making payment for the Liberty Loan, these interior banks would draw a large part of their balances from New York, and transfer them to their respective Reserve Banks in their own districts, so as to have funds available at home with which to pay for the bonds subscribed by their customers. This movement of bank credit from New York to the interior had to be provided for. At the same time, inasmuch as the greater part of the payments made by our Government (and by our Allies to whom loans were being made) were to be disbursed in New York, interior sections of the country had reason to expect that large transfers of bank credit would be made from the interior to New York after the loan was paid for. In order to meet these movements of credit, various expedients were employed, and others arranged which it never became necessary to employ. The preliminary withdrawals from New York commenced about June 1st and exceeded $500,000,000. They were met principally by the Reserve Bank discounting bills and making loans freely for its members, its loan and bill accounts increasing in the first three weeks of June from $37,302,312.42 on June 1st, to $252,174,686.15 on June 19th. At the same time the British Government, which had certain payments to make in this country, shipped $120,000,000 of gold between June 15 and June 28 from Canada to New York, all of which was purchased by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Another $50,000,000 of gold became available for our bank reserves through international payments falling due in June. This correspondingly increased the reserve money in New York City, and made it much easier for the New York banks to meet the withdrawal of balances by their interior correspondents. It was also arranged with the Treasury Department to make certain transfers of Government deposits to New York, thereby somewhat offsetting the movement to the interior. Another expedient, and a

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very effective one, it never became necessary to employ. Each of the Reserve Banks, well in advance of the commencement of this movement, completed all the details of an arrangement by which any one of them might settle debit balances owing to the others, if necessary, by transferring loans and discounted bills instead of gold (that is, its re-reserves). Under the plan adopted these bills and loans need not even be shipped to the bank which purchased them, but could be held in trust by an officer of the borrowing bank who had already been appointed agent of the lending bank for that purpose.

The transactions just described facilitated the movement of credit from New York to the interior without disturbance in the money market. A large part of the proceeds of the Liberty Loan has since been transferred to New York from the interior and disbursed there; but the return of this credit to those parts of the country from which it was transferred is a gradual process, depending upon many factors, and brought about largely by the country's commerce and trade. The funds subscribed for the purchase of Liberty bonds on the Pacific slope will ultimately, though possibly indirectly, be largely expended by the Government in the construction of ships on the Pacific, the purchase of cattle, grain and food stuff, canned produce and the other products of that section. On the Eastern slope of the Rockies the oil, sugar, grains, cattle and mineral products will likewise find their way into the hands of our Government, or of our Allies, and the proceeds of subscriptions to the Loan in that region will gradually return to it. In the same way, the products of the cotton and woolen mills, shoe factories, munition plants, etc., of New England, which are largely purchased by the Government, will inevitably draw back to that section the funds that have been temporarily transferred to the Government and disbursed principally in New York.

The twelve Reserve Banks settle balances owing between themselves once every week, and for that purpose they carry in the neighborhood of $500,000,000 of gold in Washington, the ownership of which changes from week to week, according to the amount owing by or to the respective banks. Through that fund most of the transfers of Government deposits are now made, and most of the balances of domestic exchanges are settled. These great tides of credit move-

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ment flow into and out of that reservoir. It will be seen that the machinery above described—which operates by telegraph—is simply a means of overcoming the disadvantages of distances and mail time and avoiding too heavy interior shipments of cash or reserve money. In view of the unprecedented amounts of the transfers of credit involved in these Government transactions, it may be considered a fairly effective machine, and one which can be relied upon to accomplish the objects for which it was created.

But, after all, those who buy the bonds of our Government are not so much interested in the details of this complicated accounting—which becomes necessary every time the Government places a large loan—as they are in more specific statements of the probable amounts to be borrowed and to what extent these borrowings may prove a financial burden and involve sacrifice and hardship. It is impossible for any one to state what may be the financial requirements of our Government in connection with the war. We must expect that they will be beyond all precedent, and probably beyond those of our Allies in Europe. We must not only finance our own Armies and Navy, but, as the tremendous natural resources of this country must produce a part of the supplies required to sustain the Armies and home people of our Allies, we must prepare to make great loans to those Governments which find it necessary to buy supplies in this country. The problem is not primarily to convert the wealth of the nation in order that it may be invested in Government loans. Our wealth is largely fixed property. We must arrive at a correct understanding of what income the capital wealth of the nation produces, how much of that income is absolutely essential to the comfortable support of our people, and, lastly, how much in excess of that may be saved and turned over for use by the Government. It is undoubtedly a vast sum. The capital, wealth and income of this nation exceeds that of any other nation in the world, and probably that of any two nations in the world, but we are an extravagant and wasteful people. We have lived in a land of such abundant prosperity that we have reckoned less on the cost of things than we have on the profits resulting from the application of our energies to developing our resources. The time has now come, however, when this great capital wealth of the United States will not avail us to meet our obligations incurred in the war unless we see to it that

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it produces the greatest possible income and that that income is not wasted.

Various estimates have been made as to the amount of loans which it would be possible to place in this country. It is stated that as England has a wealth of less than $100,000,000,000 and can borrow $20,000,000,000 or more, therefore this country, with a national wealth of from $175,000,000,000 to $225,000,000,000, should have no difficulty in borrowing $40,000,000,000. But such statements are rash, if they fail to take into consideration the habits and purposes of the people. The French peasants aim to save from twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent of their incomes. How many of us, rich or poor, can say that we are influenced by any such purpose? In France economy is hardly less than a national institution, the tradition of saving is so deep-rooted in the minds of the people.

The Liberty Loan just placed brought forth a commendable exhibition of patriotism and self-sacrifice by those who gave freely of their time and services without compensation, in order to ensure its success; but no effort, however energetically applied or intelligently directed, can be expected to enjoy continued success unless our people spend very much less than they earn, and devote the difference to the purchase of Government bonds. We are giving our sons to the great cause: surely it should be no sacrifice to lend our dollars.

BENJAMIN STRONG.

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THE TWO MOSCOW COUNCILS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

If it be true, as was reported in the first week of September, that the Grand Duke Michael, brother of Nicholas II, has been arrested, this is a notification to the world that there is a strong and growing movement in Russia to model its future government on that of England; that is, a democracy whose head is outside all political parties, and who, therefore, acts at once as a balance-wheel, to steady the sway of partisan government, and as a symbol of the unity of national life; in a word, a limited monarchy, with Grand Duke Michael as its head.

This is exactly what was planned by the group of Duma leaders who brought about the abdication of Nicholas II, and who, with the act of abdication in hand, then went to Grand Duke Michael, expecting and desiring to place him on the throne as a constitutional monarch. The objection to this plan, it will be remembered, came from Grand Duke Michael himself, who declared that he was willing to accept only if this plan received the general assent of the Russian nation, expressed in a Constitutional Convention. This proposal was accepted by the Provisional Government; and its acceptance carried the necessary implication that the plan to establish a constitutional monarchy should be freely considered and discussed in the intervening period, and should be compared, on its merits, with other plans to be suggested, such as a centralized republic, like that of France, in which the President is not the leader of a political party, but is elected by a joint session of the legislature, or a federal republic, like that of the United States, in which the President is the leader of the dominant political party, and is, in fact, though not in law, elected by the votes of the whole people.

If, then, the arrest of Grand Duke Michael is correctly

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reported, it means two things: first, that the movement in favor of establishing a constitutional monarchy in Russia, modeled on the English plan, has gone so far that the Socialist group who have dominated Russia since the revolution are now genuinely afraid that a strong national movement will strip them of the power which they have usurped for months, and which they have used with such conspicuous results; and, secondly, that, still dominated by this Socialist group, the Provisional Government has broken faith with Grand Duke Michael; and, instead of giving complete liberty to the movement for a constitutional monarchy, as their agreement with Grand Duke Michael morally bound them to do, are now trying to suppress that movement by force, in order to perpetuate a Socialistic régime.

Liberty, according to the view of the Petrograd Socialists, means liberty for themselves to carry on a pro-German propaganda; while what should be the equal right of other political parties, including the advocates of constitutional monarchy, to put forward their respective national solutions, is stigmatized as "plotting"; as "counter-revolutionary movements of the black forces."

The Germanic Socialists have had a free hand, to carry out their propaganda. The anarchic rising in Petrograd was one act in this propaganda; the *débâcle* of the Galician army was another; the wide-spread seizure of private property—land, houses, agricultural supplies—by the peasants, at the instigation of Socialist agitators, was another; the ignominious surrender of Riga was yet another. And now, perceiving that they have brought upon Russia disaster and disgrace, seeing that a rising tide of national indignation is threatening to sweep them away, the Germanic Socialists, taking counsel of their fears, are growing violent—and, as an inevitable result, will thereby greatly strengthen the movement they are trying to check.

The great political gathering at Moscow, in the second half of August, was evidently an attempt to array the better elements of Russia against the disintegrating force of the Petrograd Socialists, but it seems to have been only a half-hearted attempt, seeing that the Provisional Government is still in part at least strongly Socialistic. We should expect, therefore, to see further assemblies like that at Moscow, each more definitely national and anti-Socialistic than its predecessor, until the forces of conservation in Russia reach

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full consciousness, homogeneity and determination. We may expect to see, on the other hand, more violent action on the side of the Socialists, as they see their usurped power more and more threatened.

Since the Provisional Government is still, unhappily, tinged with Socialism, it was to be expected that the really noteworthy utterances before the Moscow Council should come, not from members of the Provisional Government, but from men who represent the real Russia, from the soldiers who command her armies. Thus we find General Roditcheff saying, "We expect from Moscow a message to the army. That message, I hope, will not in this grave crisis be of liberty and equality, in the name of which, falsely interpreted, Russia's people have been driven off the right track, but a message of victory and order . . ." We find General Kaledin, leader of the Don Cossacks, reading a resolution, which had been adopted by the Cossacks, demanding above everything for the salvation of the country, the continuation of the war until complete victory was attained, in close union with the Allies; and further proposing the following measures: that the army should be taken out of politics; that the regimental committees and councils should be suppressed; that there should be a clear declaration of the rights of officers; that rigid discipline should be enforced, not only on the fighting line, but behind the fighting line, that is, in the munition factories; that the rights of commanders to inflict punishment should be restored.

This resolution appears to imply that the regimental committees and councils are still in full swing, and that commanders have not yet the right to inflict punishment; if this be so, then such disasters as the surrender of Riga are not only easily explicable but quite inevitable. The "committee" of one regiment votes to retreat before the Germans, thus leaving a gap in the line, and compelling the whole line to fall back. The fact that it is still necessary to plead for the ending of this condition of disastrous folly justifies us in saying that the effort of the Provisional Government in calling the Moscow Council was only half-hearted; that it is still mired in the Socialist slough.

We find exact confirmation of this in the address of General Alexeieff before the Moscow Council. General Alexeieff, we are told, drew contrasts between the army of the old régime, poorly equipped with mechanical resources

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but strong in warlike spirit, and the present army of "Free Russia", well supplied with food and arms, but "completely poisoned and enfeebled" by ill interpreted and ill applied doctrines which had split the army into two opposite camps, officers and soldiers, which have become almost irreconcilable. General Alexeieff declared that after the declaration by the Provisional Government of the rights of soldiers, all respect towards leaders had disappeared, the officers becoming veritable martyrs. He cited one eloquent example: when a recent attack was being launched, the force which advanced was made up of twenty-eight officers, twenty non-commissioned officers—and two soldiers. All the others looked on coldly while these heroes perished . . .

But the highest level of significance in the Moscow Council was reached by the address of General Korniloff, the Commander in Chief, whose brilliant advance at the beginning of July was rendered nugatory by the treachery of Socialist elements in the army. General Korniloff is reported as saying that the old régime bequeathed to Russia an army which, despite all the defects of its organization, nevertheless was animated by a fighting spirit and was ready for sacrifices; that the whole series of measures taken by those who were completely foreign to the spirit and needs of the army had transformed it into a collection of individual groups which have lost all sense of discipline. . . . General Korniloff then read figures relating to the production of war materials, which, he said, had fallen, compared with the period from October 1916, to January 1917 (that is, under the old régime) by 60 per cent for guns and shells, and by 80 per cent for airplanes. . . .

In face of comparisons like these, one sees clearly why the Provisional Government, with its Socialistic affiliations, might deem it expedient to arrest Grand Duke Michael, especially after the surrender of Riga, which General Korniloff predicted.

General Alexeieff spoke of poisonous doctrines which had split the army into two almost irreconcilable camps, the soldiers on the one side, the officers on the other. He did not define or describe these doctrines; but, as it happens, we have at hand an admirable statement of them, from a pro-German Socialist in New York, a statement dating from the first week in September: "We are not against the spilling of blood," said this apostle of Socialism; "oh, dear, no! But

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we are against spilling it in behalf of the master class which wants to exploit us. . . . We recognize only two classes and no authority—the master class and the working class. . . ."

General Korniloff told the Moscow Council exactly how this poisonous doctrine has worked out in practice: "In the present month, soldiers had killed four regimental commanders. . . ."

Many of us who have long admired Russia believed that the Russian peasant, the Russian soldier, had the honesty and good sense which would have saved him from this pernicious and criminal folly. Apparently, as regards a considerable percentage of the army and the peasantry, we were mistaken. It would seem to be now not a question of safeguarding, but of repentance, after bitter suffering and humiliation at the hands of the German invaders. Further, it seems to be clear that, so long as the Provisional Government fails to break off all relations with the Socialism which teaches these poisonous doctrines, Russia must continue to suffer and to suffer bitterly.

It would seem that Nietzsche and Marx, the two prophets of the Germanic spirit, are each other's complements. Both preach doctrines that are violent, rapacious, blindly egotistical. By some accident of birth or temperament, they have espoused opposite sides, Nietzsche glorifying the "master class", while Marx glorifies the "proletariat". How the Nietzschean doctrine works out in practice, the German occupation of Belgium sufficiently shows; while Russia is exhibiting the large possibilities of the Marxian revelation.

The Russian revolution was brought about in order to free Russia from the German intrigues of the Hessian court and Premier Stuermer. It has given Russia instead the Marxian despotism of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Russia is far more completely under German domination than a year ago, when Stuermer was premier. In the issue of the London *Morning Post* for June 25, the Petrograd correspondent of that trustworthy paper makes himself responsible for the statement that, of the eighteen members of the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, only four are using their true names, only one of the four being a Russian; while the remaining fourteen, with German names, are using Russian aliases. There is no evidence at all that this cabal of

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predominantly pseudonymous Germans was ever elected by any representative body either of workmen or of soldiers, or that the soldiers who come for a day or two from various regiments are anything more than the stage setting of the German group with Russian names. Yet this cabal has almost completely dominated Russia for the last six months, and largely dominates Russia to-day, with results that we have seen. And the Provisional Government, which had the courage to demand the abdication of a dynasty with whose growth Russia had grown great through three centuries, has conspicuously lacked the courage to demand the abdication of these eighteen men, most of them Germans with Russian aliases. The sympathies of the United States have been enlisted by the declaration that "Free Russia" is a republic, a "new democracy." In reality Russia is neither a republic nor a democracy, since even the Provisional Government was never elected by the nation; nor is Russian freedom anything but a mockery, so long as the Provisional Government is dominated by the pseudonymous Marxian cabal. The great Moscow Council is of high importance, because it is the first indubitable sign that the true Russia is waking up to these realities, though still not quite united, not quite determined to take the strong measures necessary to end this intolerable despotism. We have heard much, in the cable messages, of the dangers of a "counter-revolution." But the counter-revolution took place long ago; it took place when the pseudonymous Marxian cabal vaulted into the saddle, and began to terrorize the Provisional Government and debauch the army. What is needed is a genuine revolution, that shall put the real Russia in command. Whether the real Russia shall elect to organize itself as a constitutional monarchy or as a republic, is not the vital thing. The vital thing is that Russia shall rid herself of the present Germanic despotism of Marxian Socialists.

There is a very practical side to this, which the wiser men in the Provisional Government are now coming to see with somewhat painful clearness. Through the *Bourse Gazette* of Petrograd and by other channels, these men have made eloquent appeals for large American loans, for the immediate aid of American capital. But it is as clear as daylight that American capital is hardly likely to flow in large quantities (and the demand is for billions) to a country in which the group which effectively dominates, holds and loudly

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preaches the Marxian dogmas of confiscation and class war, war to the death against "the capitalistic classes." Surely the choice which Russia must make, and make swiftly, if she is to be saved from national ruin and slavery, is now abundantly clear. And it is likely to be made still clearer by further reverses, for the Marxian poison is still actively at work, both on the battle front and in the munition factories.

We should, therefore, have the most sincere, cordial and effective sympathy for the men of the real Russia who, in the Moscow Council and elsewhere, are beginning to lift their heads. We should let them see that we clearly understand their difficult position; that we clearly recognize the real character of the new German despotism which, for six months, has dominated and terrorized the genuine Russia. We should make it clear that we are eager to do anything in our power to aid them in a fight for real freedom from this new and ignoble despotism, to aid them in a genuine revolution, which shall put in power the really national forces of Russia.

The heavy snows of a far northern winter will soon begin to fall in the path of the German army now advancing beyond Riga into the swamps that lie before Petrograd. No great campaign of invasion, free from the danger of a great disaster, is possible now. So Russia has a breathing spell, a period of grace, in which she may strike a blow for genuine freedom. Further, the lengthening of the Teuton lines involved by an advance into Russia is in itself strategically favorable to the Entente cause. So there are elements of hope, if there is only wise resolution in Russia herself, and a stern determination to cut out the cancer of Germanic Socialism, before it fatally injures the life of Russia.

After the above paragraphs were written, General Korniloff began his effort to disestablish the Socialist government at Petrograd, first by persuasion, then by force. It remains to be seen since he met with no success, as this is written, what further efforts will be made in the same direction.

There is a second sense in which the great political Council at Moscow is of vital importance: it is almost the first occasion, since the revolution, on which the Russian Church has come publicly forward as a great national force, one of the elements which ought to help the real Russia in the fight to free itself from the new Germanic despotism. For the last six months, the cable despatches have almost given the

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impression that Russia had lapsed from her position as a religious nation into the slough of atheism and materialism. This impression arises from the fact that, for these six months, Russia has been so largely under the heel of the Marxian cabal which is, of course, frankly atheist and materialist. But the political Council at Moscow showed that the Russian Church is still full of life; and the great Church Council, which is now assembled at Moscow, gives the Russian Church the opportunity to show that it has light and the power to lead, in this dangerous crisis of Russia's national life. And we should remember that the Russian Church represents, and truly represents, by far the largest and most homogeneous element within the eight million square miles of the Russian realm, a population of between eighty and ninety millions; equal, therefore, to the whole white population of the United States.

Apart from this vital question of national salvation and reconstruction, the Church Council of Moscow will consider three immensely important points: first, the future headship of the Russian Church; second, the relation of the Russian Church to the State; and third, the internal organization of the Russian Church, and the part which its lay members will, in the future, be called upon to take in that organization. And it is both interesting and important that two men who are likely to play an influential part in its decisions, have spent a number of years in the United States, and have not only made themselves familiar with our ideals of free and stable government, but have specially studied the way in which these ideals have been applied to the government of the one great religious body which has grown up within the United States under the influence and guidance of our ideals, namely, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. These two men are Archbishop Tikhon and Archbishop Platon, each of whom for seven years presided over the Archiepiscopal See of the Russian Church in North America.

The first of the three great questions which the Moscow Church Council will discuss is the future headship of the Russian Church. Until the reign of Peter the Great, the head of the Russian Church was a Patriarch, the colleague of the great historic Patriarchs, whose Sees, in the order of their foundation, were: Jerusalem, Antioch, Rome, Alexandria and Constantinople. The See of Jerusalem was

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founded by James, "the Brother of the Lord," as Paul calls him; the Sees of Antioch and Rome were founded by Peter; the See of Alexandria by Mark. Rome, as the political capital of the Empire, claimed to stand first, outranking the two older Sees. Constantinople, as the new capital of the Empire, claimed to stand second. It was the claim of Rome not only to outrank, but also to dominate the Eastern Sees, including the See of Constantinople, that caused the separation between the Eastern and Western Churches about the time of the Norman Conquest of England, some nine centuries ago. The Russian Church, formed as a missionary enterprise from Constantinople shortly before that separation, grew steadily; and when, four centuries after the great separation, Constantinople was captured by the Turks, the Russian Church became the strongest of the Eastern Churches. These Eastern Churches have always been, and are to-day, one in doctrine, but each Patriarchate is independent and autonomous in its administration, as are certain smaller units in the Balkan nations, the old territory of the Eastern Empire.

Peter the Great introduced two radical changes into the Government of the Russian Church: first, he abolished the Russian Patriarchate, largely because he feared the influence of the Patriarch Stephen, substituting for the Patriarchate a Synod, or permanent Council of Bishops; second, he established the control of the State—that is, of the Emperor—over the administration of the Church, placing a Procurator in the Synod as the personal representative of the Emperor's authority. The most famous of recent procurators was Pobyedonostseff, who, on the one hand, put heavy pressure on the Russian sectaries and, on the other, translated Emerson's *Essays* into Russian.

On the abdication of Nicholas II, a dispute immediately arose between the Russian Church and the Provisional Government formed of Duma leaders. The Provisional Government, holding that all elements of the Emperor's authority had passed into its hands, maintained that this included the political control of Church administration, and therefore appointed as Procurator of the Synod Mr. Lvoff, a relative of the Premier. But the Synod on its side declared that the Provisional Government had no right to control the administration of the Church, affirming that, with the ending of the Emperor's authority, was involved the ending of State

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control of the Church, which must hereafter be entirely free to manage its own affairs.

A cable dispatch from Moscow, published here on September 1, announced that projects covering the future relations between Church and State had already been worked out by the Provisional Government, for consideration by the Church Council now sitting at Moscow, and later by the Constitutional Convention. These projects provided, it was said, that the financial relation between Church and State should remain unchanged, but that hereafter the Church should be autonomous. As regards the financial relation, the Synod received from the Imperial budget in 1916 the sum of 54,000,000 rubles; it is proposed that a similar arrangement shall exist in the future.

Besides the proposed revival of the Patriarchate and the relation between the Russian Church and the State, the great Moscow Church Council is likely to discuss its future internal government and there is a probability that this future government may be influenced by American ideals. Hitherto, in the Russian Church, practically all administrative authority has been wielded by the Bishops; this includes, of course, the Archbishops, who are Bishops with wider administrative duties. The same system, the dominant authority of the Bishops, holds everywhere throughout the Roman Catholic Church, including the United States, though in practice the Episcopate of the Roman Catholic Church accepts the supreme authority of the See of Rome. There was, at one time, a strong movement among Roman Catholics in the United States to apply to themselves American ideals of self-government. But this movement, quite logically known as "Americanism", was banned by the Vatican. In marked contrast, the American Episcopal Church, influenced from its inception by American ideals, has a threefold governing body, representing, first, the Bishops, second, the clergy other than Bishops, and, third, the lay members of the Church; a broad, stable and representative government such as enjoyed by no other of the great historic Churches.

While he was in the United States, Archbishop Platon devoted years to the sympathetic study of the Episcopal Church; it is, therefore, entirely possible that, now that the representative principle has come to the front in Russia, Archbishop Platon may support a movement to introduce into the government of the Russian Church what we have

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called "American ideals" of Church government, so that the clergy and laity may have a share in its government, side by side with the Bishops. The result of such a change, not only on the Church but, even more, on the Russian nation, would be very great, directly affecting the seventy to eighty million members of the Russian Church—the largest homogeneous element in Russia.

For we take it as certain that the influence of the Russian Church will not be weakened by the Russian revolution. It is true that the French Revolution, more robust in ideas than the revolution in Russia, did, for a brief period, eclipse the Church in France. But when Napoleon evolved order from the welter of revolutionary France, he restored the Church to its ancient place in the nation. The arrangement which he then made lasted for a full century, through half a dozen revolutions and counter-revolutions, wars, invasions, foreign occupations of the capital, and was, in fact, the most stable element in France throughout that whole period. More than that; even to-day, while Napoleon's arrangement has been abrogated, France is more devoted to religion than at any time during those hundred years. There is every reason to believe that the same law will hold good for Russia.

The great Church Council, therefore, like the political Council which preceded it, is of high importance, as representing another of the great national forces which should bring order out of the chaos into which Russia has been hurled by the counter-revolution of Germanic Socialism.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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UNREDEEMED ITALY

BY THE DUKE OF LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE

THE question of the Italian Provinces under the dominion of Austria-Hungary is exceedingly simple, but foreigners often fail to understand it, because of apparent ethnological and political discrepancies. It must be remembered that the Empire of the Hapsburgs never represented a nationality, that the words "Austrian" and "Hungarian" have a political, but not a racial significance, and that in the Dual Monarchy, eighteen distinct races coexist side by side. The secular axiom, "*Divide et impera,*" of Austrian statesmen, by which one race serves to oppress and nullify another, has been followed at all times in the Italian Provinces.

It is intended to set forth briefly the true condition of affairs in the "*Irredenta,*" as the Italians designate these provinces, and to demonstrate how unsubstantiated are the counterclaims of rival races, in almost every case, imported with the deliberate purpose of denationalizing the Italians. The Italian claims are based upon the geographical, historical and ethnographical boundaries of Italy which are at the same time its only strategical factors of national safety. Proceeding from west to east, the provinces claimed by Italy are: Trentino, Eastern Friuli, Trieste with Istria, Fiume and Dalmatia.

The Italians of the Irredenta have fought for their nationality with such invincible tenacity and unity of purpose, that they have invariably vanquished their opponents, even when they were seemingly outnumbered and defeated. The races with which they clashed are the Teutonic, the Magyar and the Jugo-Slav. The first is restricted to the "Alto Adige" (Trentino), a district consisting mainly of narrow Alpine valleys, comparatively restricted; the second to the town and territory of Fiume, still smaller. The Jugo-

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Slavs are by far the most important numerically, if not intellectually the most dangerous, and deserve a closer examination. The appellation of "Jugo-Slav" has been coined in recent years and is an ethnical aspiration more than a reality. It purports to be the blending into one national body of the Slovenes, the Croats and the Serbs, assuredly belonging to the same ethnical group but, as yet, widely apart in such essentials as politics, writing and religion. When we recall that the Croats ever have been the staunchest supporters of the Hapsburgs, the brutal executors of their vengeance during 1848-1849 in Italy and Hungary, and in Serbia during the present war, that they are the most bigoted of Roman Catholics and cannot read a letter of the Cyrillian alphabet, it is easy to understand how they cannot amalgamate with the Serbs, anti-Austrian to a man, staunch followers of the Orthodox Church and opposed to the Latin transliteration of their language. For this reason the cry, recently set up, for a "Great Jugo-Slavia" is a disguised attempt to rescue the tottering fabric of the Austro-Hungarian State.

The Trentino is the province in which the rights of Italy are, for every reason, the less questionable. Of course this triangular wedge, thrust like a dagger in the heart of the Valley of the Pò, has a tremendous strategical value for the Dual Monarchy and it will make every sacrifice to retain it. The Trentino consists in the characteristically Italian Valleys of the Adige and of its affluents and is sharply defined by the Alps forming the watershed between the Mediterranean and the North and Black Seas. Hydrographically it is one, but orographically it is double, as two long chains of mountains, starting from the Cevedale group on one side and the Marmolada on the other, converge at the "Stretta" (Narrows) of Salorno, and separate the middle basin of the Adige from the higher, that is, the Trentino proper from the "Alto Adige."

The Austrian Official Census, in spite of its impudent falsifications of the truth, is compelled to state that in the Trentino proper, of the 347,929 inhabitants, 338,259 were Italians, or in other words that of 1,000 inhabitants, 972.2 spoke Italian, 24.8 spoke German, 0.5 Czech, and 2.5 Slovene, the last three numbers being due to the many troops. In the district of Primiero (no troops) the number of Ital-

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ians was 999.1 per thousand. A great number have emigrated to Italy, hundreds of nameless heroes fight in the Italian army, and Battisti, the great Martyr, was hung in the Castle of Trento after he was taken prisoner in a fair fight.

In the Alto Adige lies the problem. By the side of over 40,000 Italians there are 160,000 inhabitants of Teutonic origin. This is not correct, however, as more than 20,000 Latins have been included with the Germans. At first sight the Italian claims seem unreasonable, and patriotic though timorous Italians have urged that they should be severely ignored. This, however, is not our opinion, neither in this case nor in the somewhat similar one of Dalmatia. Geographically, there is no doubt that the region inhabited by these Germans is purely Italian; historically, these foreigners are the descendants of invaders who came through the Brenner Pass (Janua Barbarorum) not earlier than the tenth and eleventh centuries; ethnologically, their secular habitat in an Italian land has radically altered their racial peculiarities; demographically, the great Adige Valley being one organic unit, its 400,000 Italian inhabitants of a total population of 560,000, make it unquestionably Italian, while politically these German-speaking citizens would be no more troublesome and oppressed than the French-speaking population of Val d'Aosta, the Germans of Alagna and the Ossola, the Slavs of the Natisone (Friuli) and the Albanians of Puglia. Italian policy has ever respected and protected these citizens of alien blood, successfully relying upon the power of absorption through Latin civilization to inspire them with the national Italian spirit.

It is upon this peculiar power of absorption, this irresistible force of attraction, that we wish to insist. It is remarkably striking in the Alto Adige, but we will find it quite as vivid in the other sections of the Irredenta. It would take a volume to describe the process of re-Italianization which is steadily going on in the Alto Adige in spite of the perfectly organized efforts of Pan-Germanic bodies. From the Narrows of Salorno to Bolzano (Botzen) the overwhelming supremacy of the Italian has asserted itself. Bolzano is rapidly becoming wholly an Italian town and there is hardly a village in the entire Alto Adige where Italian influence is not felt. This is not done by luring German children into Italian schools (as Germans and Slavs

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are doing), or by fostering renegades according to Slav and German tactics, but by a slow, subtle Italianization of family by family from one village to another. If this process was backed by the spiritual and economic influence of the Italian nation, its progress would be proportionally as astounding as that achieved hitherto under the most adverse conditions.

There remains the most important claim of all. Strategically, Italy must once and for ever close the door by which immemorially all Germanic invasions have penetrated into its midst. The Germans themselves have called *Waelsche Boden* (Italian Lands) the southern slopes of the main Alpine watershed, and thus the entire semi-circle of natural frontiers on the crests of the Venustian, Passirian, Breonian and Aurinian Alps must be held for evermore by the Italian race.

Eastern Friuli, with Gorizia as its most important center, has no historical, geographical or ethnographical *raison d'être* as a separate entity. It is one with Western Friuli and Udine has ever been the metropolis of the whole country. They suffered together the same alien efforts of denationalization, only in the west these attempts ended with the Middle Ages, while in the east, first the Teutonic and later the Slovene persecution has never abated.

Neither the Tagliamento, the Judrio or the Isonzo are the geographic frontiers of Italy. These have been sharply determined by the great Alpine chain, and the Julian Alps here again separate the basin of the Mediterranean from that of the Black Sea. But Eastern Friuli, and more especially the naturally formidable bridgehead of Gorizia, has ever been one of the two doors (the Brenner being the other) by which Eastern and Northern Barbarians sought to penetrate into Italy and dominate it. History undoubtedly repeats itself, for there is a striking similarity between the reports of General Cadorna and those of Venetian generals who endeavored to deliver Italy from its invaders.

The attempt of denationalizing Eastern Friuli is very ancient. The oldest existing document of Gorizia is a parchment of the year 1001, by which the Emperor Otto III grants to the Patriarch of Aquileia one half of the village of Salcano and "*medietatem unius villae quae Slavonica lingua vocatur Goriza.*" This seems at first to uphold

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the claim of the Slovenes, but it is just the opposite, as it indicates an *existing* village thus *called* by the Slavs, and furthermore the parchment emanates from the Italian section of the Imperial Chancellery, there being no doubt that the village pertained to Italy. This is confirmed by the second oldest Gorizian document, a parchment of 1070, by which one of the Lords of Val d'Adige grants to the Church of Bressanone (Trentino) *"praedia qualia in Regno Italico, Comitatu Forliunanense, loco Gorizia . . . habuit."*

Tactically, the bridgehead of Gorizia insured the dominion of Italy to the power holding it. This has been asserted by all military authorities from the Roman Consuls down to Napoleon I. During the Middle Ages the Germanic Emperors endeavored to Germanize the whole of Friuli, as still revealed by certain names of places. Gorizia and its territory formed a county, the ruler of which, direct vassal of the Empire, had the special mission of guarding the bridgehead on the Isonzo. With its usual far-seeing policy, Venice possessed itself forcibly of Eastern Friuli, but internal weakness and European hostility rendered the conquest ever precarious. The only result Venice obtained was that the Count of Gorizia, with the consent of the German Emperor, recognized the joint overlordship of Venice, but in 1500, when the family of the Counts became extinct, Emperor Maximilian, despite the protests of Venice, hastened to take possession of the county. In 1815, when the limits of the Germanic Confederation were determined, Ferdinand of Austria proposed the purely artificial line of the Judrio (later, in 1866, shamefully imposed on Italy by Prussia's treason) because *"it kept open the country on the right bank of the Isonzo and therefore made the invasion of Italy easily accomplished by the roads in the Julian Alps."* This has been unquestionably one of the most important causes which fettered Italy so long in the humiliating "Triplice," the only other alternative being a long meditated Austrian attack. Each Italian victory on the Isonzo inverts the respective positions of Latins and Teutons, transforms situations created by ancient usurpations and settles a secular struggle.

But the Austrian Government, in spite of all its efforts to Germanize first and later to Slovenize Gorizia, always explicitly recognized its Italian character. In 1594, when protesting against the construction by Venice of the Fort-

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ress of Palmanova, Austria declared that the Republic intended "*to occupy the County of Gorizia and eject from Italy the House of Austria.*" In 1615 Archduke Ferdinand accused Venice of wishing "*to despoil the House of Austria of its Italian dominions.*" In 1803, when a separate Chancellery was founded in Vienna for Italian Affairs, all acts concerning the County of Gorizia were turned over to it, and in 1814, when the Province of Illyria, called later "of the Litoral," was formed the districts included the County of Gorizia, and were all *Italian districts.*

Nevertheless Austria persisted in its efforts. But it had not taken into account the extraordinary vitality and resiliency of the Italian race, its passionate attachment to its language and its wonderful power of absorption. Early in the sixteenth century many Teutonic and Slav soldiers settled in and around Gorizia, attracted by the climate and by the excellent vintage. To oppose Venice Austria invited to Gorizia foreign nobility from all parts; the Dornbergs, Endlings and Semblers from Bavaria and Westphalia, the Osolani from Cyprus, the Salamancas from Spain, and even Italian renegades as the Lantieris and Coroninis, who, largely rewarded, became the most active Germanizing agents. But the native Italianity of Gorizia not only persisted but invincibly asserted itself. Italians flocked back. Irresistibly the Italian language, the Italian customs and the Italian place-names regained once more their predominance. Vienna tried to stem the current. Latin acts, multiplying in the Courts, were prohibited in 1556, the only result being that Italian replaced them, for those who could write German were rapidly disappearing. Immediately Vienna banned Italian and in 1566 the Assembly of the German Nobility decided that, although the acts must be Latin, only German lawyers should be admitted in the Courts. It was of no avail; it became daily more difficult to find a German lawyer. Italian immigration steadily increasing, another law debarred these immigrants from owning land and obtaining office. Austria, however, was fighting against the inevitable; none but an Italian city could exist upon Italian soil.

At the beginning of the present epoch Gorizia was an absolutely Italian city. The four years of Napoleonic domination (1809-13) cancelled every lingering trace of Germanism and the triumph of the Latin race seemed complete.

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But when Napoleon fell and Austria returned, with the help of numerous German and Slav invaders, it endeavored again to suffocate the Italian spirit. In 1848 Austria triumphed as Germans, Slavs and Italian renegades planted the Germanic colors on the "Castello," insulting the imprisoned heroes from Venice and Friuli. The spark of Italianity seemed nearly extinct, but it was kept piously alight in the heart of the people.

Slovene pretensions first asserted themselves when the Croatian National Committee designated as boundary to their claims the course of the Tagliamento, indicated by their geographer Sejan. In the mountain villages the Slovene element predominated, but was restricted to the lowest classes, incapable of a higher culture and civilization. The urban districts remained invincibly Italian. When in 1896 Austria, by the sequestration of its revenue, compelled the Municipality of Gorizia to create a Slovene school in the city, there were only *five* pupils and it had finally to be closed. The latest Austrian statistics establish that at present the County of Gorizia counts (in round numbers) 260,000 inhabitants, of whom 115,000 are Italians born in Austria, 8,000 Italians born in the Kingdom of Italy, 132,500 Slavs and 3,500 Germans. This, however, by no means represents the conditions Italy will find on its permanent occupation of the country. The greatest number of the more recently imported Slavs will follow the State which brought them into Friuli: as they came so will they depart. The Carso is deserted by the Slovenes, and how many will return after the war when it will be politically Italian? In Gorizia (township) there were some thousands of Slavs (Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, Poles, Ruthenes, Slovacks and Czechs) in the Government Offices and in the Railways; not one is left today. For the rest the perfectly Italian spirit demonstrated by the Slavs of the Natisone District in Western Friuli proves how this alien population when removed from the influence of subsidized agitators can be easily absorbed and amalgamated.

In the meanwhile the best Gorizian blood has been shed on the Italian side in this war. Many have been wounded, and fifteen heroes buried within sight of their paternal homesteads have once more proclaimed to the world the deathless Italianity of their native land.

The weakness of Slovene claims needs no stronger proof

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than the peculiar case of Trieste. A stranger entering this city finds himself in a typical Italian town, as Italian as Genova or Livorno, hears only the soft Venetian dialect, and meets with the peculiarities, habits and customs proper to Italy.

Trieste, in the noblest sense of the word, is a modern city against which the mediæval policy of alien ruthlessness has never ceased to exert itself. It has been quite aptly defined as *"the last of Italian 'Comuni' still struggling in the twentieth century against the Germanic Empire and the Invasion of the Barbarians."* The traits which historically characterize the barbaric dominion over Italy in the Middle Ages are exactly those of the Austrian rule of Trieste today. Two distinct currents of immigration have sought to appropriate this rich prey: the Germanic and the Slav. Trieste is coveted by the Pan-Germanists and promised by Austria to the Jugo-Slavs.

Trieste was Italian ever since Rome constituted Italy. Geographers and historians for over twenty-three hundred years have asserted that it formed an integral part of Italy. Even during the darkest Middle Ages, its citizens never lost their consciousness of being Italians; on the contrary, whenever the greed of foreigners was most aggressive, in the fifteenth century as well as in the last decades, the citizens of Trieste unanimously asserted that they were Italians and that Italians they would remain. In the present war thousands emigrated to Italy, hundreds fought in the Italian Army and the roll of honor of the dead reveal their heroism. When the American press commented upon the war-aims of the Allies as stated in their reply to President Wilson's Note, even some of the most anti-German papers wrote that Italy had pretensions over a city, Trieste, which had never belonged to it. This affirmation is diametrically contrary to the truth. Certainly the *new Kingdom of Italy* never possessed Trieste, just as before 1866 it had never possessed Venice, or Rome before 1870. But as it fought in 1859 for Milan, in 1866 for Venice and in 1870 for Rome, it is fighting today for Trieste, because Trieste, as Milan, Venice and Rome, has ever been geographically and ethnologically a part of Italy. The new Kingdom of Italy is reconstituting by the will of the people the Unity of Italy.

Austrian and pro-Austrian historians have always vaunted the so-called "Act of Dedition" to the Hapsburgs in

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1382, and "Mitteleuropean" propagandists are at present using the same in neutral countries. Without discussing the strange conception of history and law which enables them in 1917 to draw consequences from an act of 1382, it is well to explain that this alleged "Dedition," held up as a dogma by the Austrian Chancellery, has been proven to be an usurpation pure and simple. Documents of the epoch prove it irrefutably. The small Italian "Comune" of not more than 6,000 inhabitants could offer no resistance, and Kandler himself, the Aulic historiographer, must admit that in 1383 and 1384 the most violent insurrections broke forth against the Hapsburgs and were suffocated in blood. The Austrian Hangman has ruled ever since upon the Martyr-City.

The Slovene invasion began in 1866 when Austria lost Venice. Its principal agents were the priests and the police. The priests, by order of Slav bishops of the Strossmayer brand, purposely chosen by Austria, turned the Churches into centers of pro-Slovene agitation, creating thus such deep reaction that Trieste may be considered at the most a religious city in existence. The gendarmerie, omnipotent in rural districts, drilled the gangs of ignorant Slovene peasants, who, for the first time in 1868, and so many times later, entered the city and attacked with bloody results the citizens of Trieste. Triestine democracy nevertheless received with great honors Ljubibratic, the chief of the Bosnian insurgents in 1876, while some years before it instituted Slovene, or bilingual schools (according to local conditions), in the villages of the Triestine Carso although their representatives had only asked for Italian.

Austria established German colleges in Trieste to corrupt the national consciences of Italians and Slavs alike, and these produced Austria's best Slovene agents and, curiously, some of the most ardent among Italian patriots. Austria spent lavishly to turn education into a weapon of political oppression; it subsidized Slovene schools nominally instituted by Slav Associations, but did not give a farthing to the numerous elementary and secondary schools founded by the Municipality of Trieste. In the public offices the importation of Slovenes was continuous and intensive. The lower personnel of the Law Courts, ever Italian, was deliberately superseded by Slavs. In 1908, of 417 Postal Agents, only 93 were still Italians, the rest Slovenes; of 560

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Custom-House Guards, 412 were Slavs; of 1,247 Railway officials, 1,044 were Slavs, 143 Italians and 60 Germans; of 680 Railway laborers, 652 were Slavs, 20 Germans and 8 Italians, the Slavs all coming from Carniola, Carinthia and Lower Styria. When the Tauren Railway was opened 700 families of Slovene railway men with over 1,000 children were imported to Trieste in a few days. By the help of the Slav Banks (Czech, Croat, Serbian and even Russian) the docks, the shipping-yards, and numerous business enterprises were flooded with imported Slovene laborers, fresh from the Carinthian Mountains, who knew nothing of the sea. And all this in an Italian city!

The Nationalist Associations of Trieste fought heroically and with great success against denationalization. At their head was the "Lega Nazionale," which extended over all the Irredenta. From its creation in 1891 till its forcible dissolution by Austria in 1915 (after Italy's declaration of war), and under the Presidency of Riccardo Pittèri, the purest and noblest of patriots, who unfortunately died in 1916, it fostered the Italian national spirit by creating and endowing schools, public libraries and musical associations. Thus, in spite of the efforts of the Austrian Government and the continued importation of Slovenes, notwithstanding the brutal pressure exercised, the census of 1910 (Austrian official results) showed that of 229,510 inhabitants in the city of Trieste, 161,594 (or well over 70 per cent) were Italians.

Istria, though at present politically distinct from Trieste, is its natural province, from a geographical, historical and economical standpoint. Of the Slavs settled there, some came with the first Slavonic incursions, some as fugitives from the Turk, and others were imported as agricultural laborers by the Republic of Venice during the sixteenth century. Because of this they really are a sort of ethnical conglomerate, retaining the typical traits of their several origins. In numbers (again according to the Austrian Census) they are a little more numerous than the Italians (160,000 Italians against 220,000 Slavs in a population of 400,000 in round numbers), but a comparison between the two races reveals at once their respective ethnic and political values. The Italian population is organized in the three classes typical of advanced civilization: a numerous and compact lower class of agriculturists, sailors and salaried

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laborers; a middle class headed by the learned professions, and an aristocracy of large land owners possessing domains even in districts prevalently inhabited by Slavs. The Slav population is a uniform mass of agricultural laborers, with a few small land owners (their lands, however, being much less productive than similar ones belonging to Italians, whose average land-tax is of 2.09 crowns per hectare against 0.90 crown paid by Slavs) and a scant middle-class of lawyers, schoolmasters and priests, recently imported from Carniola and Croatia. This explains why in Istria there is not either a Slav town, a Slav history, a Slav tradition, a Slav culture or a positive Slav economic system.

From the great naval and military center of Pola, Austria exercised throughout Istria its customary policy of denationalizing the Italian race, but more even than anywhere else its efforts have been unsuccessful. Istria remains invincibly Italian. It awaits through unspeakable anguish the coming freedom, for which its last great hero, Nazario Sauro, suffered death upon the Austrian gallows.

Fiume and its small territory, enclosed as the rest of Istria, to which it geographically pertains, by the Julian Alps, has placed Italy in direct conflict with Hungary, to which it was assigned in 1776 by Maria-Theresia as a "*separatum sacrae regni coronae adnexum corpus.*" For a long time Italians nourished the most romantic illusions about Magyar sympathies for Italy. They had been fellow-conspirators and fellow-sufferers during the Revolutions of 1848-49, and Kossuth had found in Italy his second country, where his children were educated and grew to manhood. But even before the present war the treatment inflicted by the Magyars upon Fiume ought to have opened the eyes of the Italians, as it was quite as relentless and cowardly as that used by Austria in the rest of the Irredenta.

The territory of Fiume abuts upon that part of the Illyrian coast some ninety miles long, with the natural harbor of Senj, now completely Croatized, which divides it from Dalmatia and must, in the future settlement of the Adriatic, form the Croatian seaboard. But the attempt to Magyarize Fiume, at first directly, and then through the interposition of the Croats, failed most completely. Fiume, a commercial seaport of thriving activity and great future, has now (with rural territory) 55,000 inhabitants, of whom

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(round numbers) 6,000 are Hungarians, 15,000 Slavs of all kinds (Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Slovacks and Czechs), 27,000 Italians born under Austria, 4,000 Italians born in the Kingdom of Italy, and 2,000 of "other" nationalities. The Hungarians, who in 1880 were only 379, have been brought up to the present number in thirty-five years by means of "forced immigration," in order to form a compact Magyar nucleus for a future brutal Magyarization of the city. The Slav element is divided into two classes: one autochthonous, inhabiting the rural districts round Fiume, the other imported by Croat commercial firms. The imported Magyars and Croats are of course rewarded with all administrative, political and economical positions of any worth, from which the Italians are excluded. Doubtlessly, upon the reunion of Fiume with its mother-country, the imported Hungarians and Croats will hasten to return to the land of their birth, and the rural autochthonous Slavs will only be too glad to acknowledge the "*fait accompli*" and merge very rapidly in the great Italian mass.

This solid body of 31,000 Italians (and they would have been far more numerous if the Hungarian authorities had not placed all sorts of difficulties in the way of immigrants coming from Italy) is the living, indisputable proof of the Italianhood of Fiume, while the whole aspect of the town, its air, its sky, its monuments and its very stones proclaim its nationality even more loudly than the ethnic qualifications of its inhabitants.

The difficulty of the Dalmatian question arises from the geographical situation of the country which our opponents deny to be part of Italy. We will not discuss the geological similarities between Italy and Dalmatia, nor the easy proof that the Dinaric Mountains, separating Dalmatia from the Balkan, are the uninterrupted continuation of the main range of the Alps. We will not demonstrate how under Rome Dalmatia was included in Italy, nor enlarge upon the secular dominion of Venice, nor reproduce the numberless existing documents establishing that in all times the Slavs themselves have proclaimed the Italianity of Dalmatia. These historical arguments are doubtlessly of great value, for they establish the fact that Dalmatia *was* Latin and then Italian; we base Italy's claim to Dalmatia on the fact that it *is* Italian today despite what is apparently

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proved by statistical enumerations invariably faked and manipulated by the Austrian Government and the Jugo-Slavs. Tamaro, in his admirable book, *Italian and Slavs in the Adriatic,* rightly says that the solution of the Dalmatian Question "*does not consist in counting how many Italians exist in Dalmatia, but in recognizing the fact that, in spite of all, there are still Italians left in Dalmatia!*"

In the town of Arbe (one of the Dalmatian Islands), in which, according to Jugo-Slav statistics, *not one single Italian is left,* nothing but the usual Venetian dialect is spoken, and the so-called Croats of the locality either do not know Croat or have forgotten it as soon as they left school. It must be added that the language spoken in the most Croatized districts is so full of Italianisms that it is difficult to say whether it is a Croatized Italian or an Italianized Croat. And this, it must be remembered, after the abolition of all Italian schools (except in Zara, that kept its Italian Municipality), after the proscription of Italian from Courts and Government offices, in a country where bribery and corruption on an unprecedented scale have been rife in elections and in the Public Administrations!

The Austrian and Jugo-Slav statistics say that in Dalmatia (1910) there were 18,028 Italians by the side of 610,669 Slavs. Every one knows how that census was made, a wild but methodical elimination of all that was not Croat and a shameless insult to honesty and exactitude. A few examples are sufficient. Zara, the large suburb of Borgo-Erizzo is inhabited exclusively by Albanians, who speak the three languages (Italian, Croat and Albanian) but always use Albanian in their homes. The official statistics counted only *26* Albanians in Borgo-Erizzo. At Lèsina in 1880 the statistics indicated 314 Italians per thousand, in 1890, *27* per thousand. In twenty years the Italians have been artificially reduced by at least 75 per cent. The truth is that there are by the smallest count 100,000 Italians in Dalmatia, not reckoning that among the so-called Croats there are large numbers of Croatized Italians. The great mass of Croat agriculturists are as a rule devoted to their Italian neighbors of the towns, of whom they often rent the lands, and once liberated from the disturbing influence of subsidized agitators would easily become Italianized in less than a generation. Twenty-five years hence an honest census might well tell another tale. In Dalmatia the genuine Slav

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is to be found in the Districts of the Bucovizza, Ragusa and Càttaro, inhabited in round numbers by 100,000 Serbs. These Serbs, because of their Orthodox faith called "Greeks" by the Croats, who hate them far more than the Italians, inhabit what in future must be the Serbian seaboard, with the harbor of Càttaro, unique in the world, and historic Ragusa, whose seven times secular Republic is a pure gem of Italian civilization. It is well to add that Italians form still 30 per cent of the population of Ragusa and 25 per cent of that of Càttaro.

In Dalmatia everything is still Italian, language, habits, arts, literature, and that homely but persuasive element, cookery, even among those families who call themselves Croat. More than a third of the landed and industrial properties and of commerce is in the hands of people perfectly conscient of their Italian nationality, and Italians pay more than a third of all taxes. The greater industries are in the hands of Italians; the commerce of wine, almonds and oil, the shipping industry, and even, in spite of the dreadful oppression, the retail trade is still Italian. Culture is in exactly the same condition. The Croat writers of the present day, as Vojnovitch, Milicich and others, have a purely Italian inspiration, radically different from the spirit of the true Slav national poetry.

Finally, the reason why Dalmatia must be Italian is the safety of the Mother-Country. From Venice to Brindisi the western coast of the Adriatic is flat and open, and whoever dominates its eastern shore, with its magnificent harbors and labyrinth of islands, dominates the entire Adriatic.

LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

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THE WORLD'S TRADE AFTER THE WAR

BY SIDNEY WEBB

SOONER or later the appalling calamity that is now oppressing nearly the whole civilized world will come to an end, and all the belligerent countries will have to face the very serious difficulties of peace. Large parts of Europe and Asia will be cold and hungry, and near starvation. The problem, however long it may be deferred, will come upon the statesmen with startling suddenness. Many of their fine-spun imaginations will disappear into thin air. They will, for instance, with regard to imports and exports, find it quite impracticable simply to leave trade to the unrestricted and unguided enterprises of merchants and shipowners eager only to make profit. The Central Powers will certainly not be allowed to carry out their rumored project of buying up all the available raw materials that neutral countries have to dispose of. It will, we suggest, be found equally impracticable to put in operation the policy understood to be outlined in the vague resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference of the Allied Governments, to which the limited States have never acceded, of a hostile boycott of the Central Powers.

At the close of the war what the various Governments will be faced with will not be opportunities of enriching themselves at the cost of their enemies, but the imminent danger of famine, in one country or another; with a calamitous general shortage of some of the principal foodstuffs such as cereals and meat, threatening, quite possibly, extensive local starvation; with huge deficiencies in most countries in such materials as the metallic ores, coal, timber, hides, oil, wool, rubber, potash and so forth without which civil employment of the demobilized millions cannot be resumed;

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and with such a scarcity of merchant shipping and railway wagons, and such a dilapidation of all the ways of land transport as seriously to aggravate all the shortages of commodities. In some parts of Europe and Asia, it is scarcely too much to say, society may be not far from dissolution from sheer want. What the diplomatists must necessarily settle, actually as part of the very negotiations for peace, is how this quite imminent peril of widespread unemployment and starvation can be averted. In this sense the general revictualling of the whole Western world will be as urgent as was the revictualling of Paris, which had to be made part of the terms of armistice in 1871.

The entry into the war of the United States, which is the largest exporter of nearly all the commodities that the rest of the world wants, and the influence which the United States exercises on the South American Republics, which have a large part of the remainder of the exportable surpluses of foodstuffs and raw materials, impose upon the United States the obligation, in this matter, of leading the policy of the world.

We may take it for granted that, in the stress of such urgent need, the Government of every nation, whatever its political or economic theories, will be driven to maintain, at any rate for some time after peace, the controls which it has had to exercise during war; that it will refuse, whatever may be the relative price-levels, to permit the export of any of the commodities within its dominions (including its colonial possessions) of which it has not a supply sufficient for the needs of its own people; and that it will not allow its merchant shipping to go off to earn high freights in conveying goods elsewhere, without first ensuring a sufficient supply of the imports that its own citizens require. On the other hand each country will be under the most urgent need of developing as much export trade as possible, in order both to find prompt employment for its disbanded soldiers and to be able to pay for the imports it imperatively requires. It will accordingly be absolutely dependent on other countries for the raw materials that it needs for its manufactures. No country will be able to leave these operations to the law of supply and demand, or the enlightened attempts of profit-seeking merchants to move things from where they are cheapest to where they will sell at the highest prices. For the world famine will be even more of a money famine

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than a food famine. Whole classes of people in every country, it may even be the whole populations of some countries, will if concerted arrangements to prevent unemployment are not made, find themselves, hungry as they are, without what the economists call an " effective demand." They will have no money to buy the food and materials that they need, or to pay the freight for bringing them; and without food and materials they will be unable to produce that which would enable them to buy. Simple reliance on the law of supply and demand, and freedom of trade, in the unparalleled world shortage into which we are steering would result (as it did in Ireland in 1847, and in many other cases) in foodstuffs being exported from lands where people are dying of starvation, because they have no means of paying the high prices that the foodstuffs are fetching elsewhere; that is to say, in the rich persons, the rich classes, the rich countries being able to satisfy all their needs, and the poor getting absolutely nothing. In the interests not of humanity, but also of the continued prosperity of the rest of the world, this crushing of the poor into starvation must not be allowed. And in the present state of Europe the poor will not allow it. They would rise in revolt and upset any government.

However reluctant the statesmen may be to grapple with this problem, they will be compelled, in the interest of the whole world, as well as of their own country, imperatively to do so; and they need to do so pretty promptly. Peace, when it comes, will come like a thief in the night; and famine will be very near at hand to some, at least, of the European populations. Let us face the situation as it is revealing itself. Apart from what we might, as cosmopolitan idealists desire, we shall be compelled to take into account the obstinate determination of peoples, like governments, to maintain what they conceive to be their national interests. No nation will forego, for the sake of the others, any part of what it is within its power to keep for the maintenance of its own people.

We shall need:—

(1) To permit each nation, including all the belligerents without exception, to assure itself that the interests of its manufacturers, traders and consumers, will be as far as possible safeguarded, alike in the supply of necessary commodities and in opportunities for the export of all they can spare;

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(2) To permit the Allied Governments to assure themselves, conformably to the Paris Economic Conference, that their joint and several interests in their own raw materials and mutual trade, and the earliest possible satisfaction of their need of other commodities, shall be protected from any form of economic aggression at the hands of the Central Powers;

(3) To permit, as we must in all fairness say, the Central Powers equally to assure themselves that their joint and several interests in their own raw materials and mutual trade, and the earliest possible satisfaction of their need of other commodities, shall be protected from any form of economic aggression at the hands of the Allied Powers; and (as it is clear we must add)

(4) To permit and even to encourage each Government to adopt, within its own Empire, such measures of "preference" to its own people, and "development" of its own resources as it thinks will, whilst increasing the aggregate product that it makes for the world, without actual aggression on other countries, augment the solidarity and economic strength of its own.

One or other of these objects might, if it stood alone, conceivably be attained by separate national measures of this or that kind—by free trade or protective tariffs, by control of colonies or by government ownership of the means of production. But if we are to secure peace, and at the same time prevent starvation, all the objects have to be attained, and attained simultaneously, without delay, and with (a) the least possible interference with the initiative and freedom of enterprise of the individual producers; (b) the least possible increase of cost to the consumers, especially as regards foodstuffs, raw materials and the components of other manufactures; (c) the least possible injury to any nation; and (d) if only because it would otherwise increase the difficulties of those who will have to conduct the negotiations for peace, the least possible invidiousness against any nation.

Various policies and devices have been suggested for attaining these ends, such as a system of prohibitions of exports or imports, mitigated by licenses, designed to allow trade only in such commodities, and with such countries or persons, as each Government approved; differential import or export duties, designed to penalise or render impossible trade in certain commodities with particular countries; the establishment of great monopolies of particular trades or industries, under more or less governmental control, so as to unite all export and import trades in concentrated management. These devices have the capital drawback that they afford no guidance as to international policy, and offer no

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security of attaining the above-mentioned ends. They do not ensure to each country the raw materials that are essential to it. They do not save the poorest countries from starvation. Moreover, they necessarily involve, by each country in turn, action of an extremely invidious kind, which must inevitably be resented by the countries against which it is to be practised. We shall not get peace by threatening that it is to be followed by economic war.

What the situation points to is the imperative necessity of the complete abandonment, for a time, of the principle of "laisser faire," and of the adoption of the policy of a deliberately concerted distribution of the exportable surpluses, as regards the several important commodities in which there will be a world scarcity, by some international machinery; and for the allocation according to needs, in the same way, of the available merchant shipping that will be required, and so far as necessary, of land transport. There will have to be, in fact, a continuation and an extension of *La Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement* that the Allied Governments have had to form for the allocation among themselves of the available army supplies. This will need to embrace all the belligerent countries lately at war, and also all the neutrals who will be suffering from the same world-shortage. It will be driven to adopt the principle of "priority," that is to say, of ensuring first the satisfaction of the most urgent primary needs of all the several countries, before proceeding to fulfil the less urgent and secondary demands of even the richest among them. The exportable surpluses of cereals, for instance, must be distributed so that no country needing food shall, however much it may be outbid in price, go without its appropriate share. The various raw materials available for export must not be monopolized by any one country or group of countries that might seek to steal a march on the others, whatever prices it may be prepared to offer to secure this end, but must be allotted with some regard to the urgency and the extent of the needs of all the several countries. The world will imperatively require to make its sadly shrunken merchant fleets go where they are most needed, not where they might earn most freight; or some desperately denuded lands may find themselves altogether without either supplies or the means to pay for them.

Thus, it should be an essential item in the Conditions of

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Peace that, for a period of at least one year or more—perhaps for some prescribed period open to be extended according to experience—the whole export of certain specified commodities (such as cereals, meat, metallic ores, coal, hides, oils, rubber, wool, timber and so forth) from any part of any territory of the British or any other Government to any part of any territory of a foreign Government (thus exempting from interference both coast-wise and colonial trade as necessarily reserved by each Government to itself), together with all the sea-going merchant shipping, of all the belligerent countries, and that of all the neutral countries to which it may be possible to extend this provision, (or at least all in excess of the quota which each country needs to bring its own supplies), should be absolutely under the control of an International Commission in which all the countries would be represented. This International Commission would be charged to allocate all the supplies and their conveyance, not with a view to making the utmost profit, or indeed any profit, but in due regard to the relative urgency and degree of the needs of the respective peoples. It is interesting to notice that this International Commission for Revictualling Europe will become the first organ of the League of Nations—or what the Fabian Society calls the Supernational Authority—in which this war must find its end. Only in this way will the nations of Europe be saved from the very imminent peril of actual want, leading to fresh revolutionary upheavals.

Within each country a like plan will have to be adopted. None of the belligerent countries, and few even of the neutrals, have found it practicable to leave trade free; all—the United States quite rapidly coming into line with the rest—have had to control strictly both production and prices, to prohibit not only importing and exporting, but even also buying and selling in a whole range of commodities, and to intervene directly to assure that each district and each section of the community did not go short. It is already plain that these controls cannot be allowed to lapse the day after peace is declared. It would be desirable to recognize at once, and to prepare our minds for it, that the serious world-shortage in foodstuffs, raw materials and shipping will necessarily involve the continuance, for an indefinite period during peace, of some such governmental trade as we are all now experiencing during war.

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It will, to begin with, necessarily be made a condition by the International Commission that will regulate foreign trade in the principal foodstuffs and raw materials, and also the merchant shipping required for their conveyance, that each Government should itself assume the responsibility for internal allocation. The International Commission will plainly not struggle to secure to any country its share of some commodity of which it is in dire need, deliberately in order that no person shall go absolutely without, unless adequate assurance can be afforded that the very precious supply thus conveyed to it shall be properly appropriated to secure that end. The world is not going to bother to send food to Armenia or Belgium, to secure timber or potash for the United Kingdom, to keep Italy or Switzerland regularly supplied with coal, to provide Poland with wool and Norway with petroleum, without, at the same time, getting an assurance that these things are not to be permitted to be bought up solely by the rich, to the exclusion of the poor and needy. The several Governments will therefore have to make themselves responsible for the importing and for the deliberately concerted allocation of the supplies thus allotted to them. They will be glad to assume this responsibility, whatever the preconceptions of their statesmen, merely in order to prevent prices from soaring sky high, with the inevitably resulting social upheavals.

As an instance, the British Government has already made itself the sole importer of cereals into the British Isles, a colossal business; already it controls every flour mill in the United Kingdom and determines exactly what kind of flour is to be made, and at what price it is to be sold; and it has definitely fixed the retail price of bread (henceforth not to be raised whatever may be the price of wheat in Chicago) at eighteen cents per loaf of four pounds. It has had to take this action, involving financial dealings to the extent, literally, of billions of dollars annually, in order to prevent a labor uprising. Similarly, the British Government doles out the wool to the manufacturer, and licenses the use of timber and steel, strictly according to what it thinks the genuine urgency of the private need, and the public interest that is served by the proposed use.

Immediately after the war, the British Government will begin—probably acting through the municipalities and other local authorities to whom it will lend the capital, and make

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a considerable free subvention—the construction of anything between half a million and one million new cottages for its wage-earners in town and country, to the extent possibly of a billion dollars or more, in order to remedy, whilst the demobilisation of the five million soldiers is taking place, the present appalling shortage in working class dwellings. At the same time it will be necessary to restore the sadly dilapidated railways and roads to their former efficient state, to do a large amount of rebuilding and re-equipping factories and to make good deficiencies of schools and other public buildings. There will clearly be an extraordinary shortage of bricks and building stone, timber, cement, builder's ironwork and all housefittings of which the prices, if let alone, would go up to fabulous heights. We may accordingly expect that all these supplies will continue to be strictly allocated by the Government, together with all the building trades workmen. The only building allowed will be that in which there is a public interest, such as public institutions, the means of communication, the instruments of actual wealth production and the very urgent rehousing of the wage-earners. No "luxury buildings," such as palaces for the new millionaires, new hotels or cinema speculations, will probably be permitted, however high may be the price offered, until the more urgent public needs have been satisfied. And much the same is being done, and will continue to be done by the Governments of France and Germany, Italy and Austria, even, as regards some commodities, Holland and Switzerland. The United States Government will inevitably go the same road. The principle on which the world must act, both internationally and within each country, is "No cake for anyone until all have bread."

SIDNEY WEBB.

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SERBIA AND EUROPEAN PEACE

BY MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH

HAVING destroyed her past, the centuries of prosperity built up by honorable toil, and having made of the beautiful land of Moravia a living hell, Austria now assumes that she will dictate what the future of Serbia, Montenegro and Croatia is to be. This is the topic of the day in the Austrian and Hungarian press. The advocates of "open annexation," and "the permanent occupation of the Dalmatian coast," are seeking to instruct their countrymen as to the importance of converting Serbia into a possession, or at least into a complete dependency, of the Hapsburg Monarchy. Criticising and censuring one another as to the form, Austrian politicians all agree that in substance Serbia represents for them the one essential prize of the war. The Governments in Vienna and Buda-Pest appear to think that only the retention of this State at the conclusion of peace will convince the world that Austria with her allies has won the war. This conclusion may be commended for careful consideration among the Croatians, where the optimistic view has been held for three years that "Austria-Hungary did not intend to retain the possession of Serbia." So far as the Austrians can arrange matters, it is no longer doubtful that the contrary will be the case, and the good people of Zagreb should reflect carefully, while there is still time, on what will happen to their "autonomy" when Austrian *Statthalter* and *Oberbeamter* are installed permanently in Rieka, Ljubljana, Zadar and Sarajevo. Nor should they forget that those who look on with folded arms at the perpetration of a crime at their very doors are only less culpable in a very slight degree than the wrong-doers, and that they thus disqualify themselves beforehand from taking a seat in the tribunal that shall judge and sentence the guilty.

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Despite the confident words of Austrian statesmen who are stained with the blood of so many thousand innocent victims, the future of Serbia will not lie in their hands. It will be assured by the Allies, and the first duty of the latter will be to see that this unfortunate little country shall never again be made the sport of Austrian soldiery, nor Serbia a place of Austrian "political excursion." The direct consequence of Allied decision will be that Serbia must emerge from the war a stronger State than she was when the Hun hordes violated her frontier on July 28th, 1914. She must be made *stronger at the expense of Austria,* for there would be no shifting of the balance of power to make her stronger by weakening the neighboring Balkan States. This fairly obvious conclusion ought to have prevented the utterances of the recent press campaign in Croatia from misrepresenting Serbian wishes, to the extent of serving the ends of the Austrophils by alleging that a Greater Serbia necessarily implied a weakened Croatia. Among Serbians there appears to be a sounder view as to the identity of the interests of the Serbo-Croats. Greater Serbia, if there is to be such, will be formed at the expense, not of Croatia, but of Austria-Hungary. This statement, if calmly considered in Croatia, will carry conviction with it, for it reposes on the most ordinary facts of common sense. A moment's reflection ought to have disposed of the idea that Serbia, having been the victim of grievous wrongs, would seek in her turn to inflict an injury on her neighbor Croatia, which, if it has not played a truly heroic part in this struggle of right and wrong, has at least been sympathetic and charitable to many of the sufferers.

It is a general and just opinion that it would be wise, when the discussion of terms of peace begins, to start with a preliminary declaration to be embodied in the first article annulling and abrogating all claims based on old feudal prerogatives or privileges, and declaring that all pretensions, arising from the old Empire of Austria and passed on from it to "the Dual Monarchy" and the new Austrian *Ausgleich,* are to be henceforth null and void. This first step would be not only a real blow at Austrian influence, but it would clear the way for the practical recasting of the map of Europe. The treaty of peace when it comes will have to dispose of a changed world, and the authors of that treaty must work with a clean slate before them. They will not

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have to compose the pretensions of rival European dynasties and families, but to assign governing power and to trace frontiers in accordance with national requirements and international needs. The peace delegates will have gone far towards a successful issue if at the threshold of their task they rule out claims which their predecessors allowed to stand from the Treaty of Vienna (1815) to that of Berlin (1878).

One of the most important objects before the negotiators, if a lasting peace is to be their reward, must be the permanent weakening of Austria-Hungary. This can be best effected by the strengthening of her neighbors at her expense. The Allies' present attention is to be given to the strengthening of Serbia—the first and principal victim of the Great War—and it is not going too far to say that the attainment of this object is not merely due to Serbia as a measure of reparation, but that it is essential for the preservation of European peace.

What has also to be remembered at the same time is that the additions to be made for the purpose of invigorating Serbia must not be of a nature to prove a source of weakness and enfeeblement. It would be no kindness to Serbia, no solution of the European problem, to charge her with the task of ruling and coercing refractory Austrian subjects. Any additions made to Serbia must be sources of real strength, races that can be readily assimilated and speedily merged into the Jugo-Slav nation on account of their ethnic affinities or old associations. Austria has held, by theft and superior force, South Slavic territories, and all the Croats and Slovenes will be only too glad to enjoy the privileges and freedom of the Serbian Constitution when once that new day dawns.

MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH.

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HIGH FOOD PRICES, MIDDLEMEN, AND SPECULATION

BY L. D. H. WELD

PRICES of foods, which have been rising since 1896, had reached such a high point even before the European War, that they were causing general anxiety and unrest. But since the war began, they have mounted upward to unprecedented heights,—not so much during 1914 and 1915,—but more especially during the latter half of 1916 and the first part of 1917. The possibility of serious food shortage, and the activities of the Government with regard to food production and distribution, have accentuated the interest in the present abnormal prices.

One point that is often lost sight of in discussing price increases is the fact that the prices of all foodstuffs have not risen uniformly; some have risen abnormally, whereas others have remained practically stationary. On February 15th, 1917, for example, the price of potatoes was 88 per cent. higher than the average monthly price of 1916; beans had risen 35 per cent.; eggs, 35 per cent.; and onions, 149 per cent. On the other hand, round steak had risen only 6 per cent.; bread, 9 per cent.; prunes, 5 per cent.; and rice, tea and coffee had not risen at all. Many other important commodities had risen but moderately. There have been many changes in prices since February, and the crops of 1917 have now become a dominant factor; but it is the price situation of the early part of 1917 with which this discussion deals.

High prices are a hardship only if they have risen faster than wages. It is well known that wages have been advancing rapidly during the past few months,—but not so rapidly as prices. That is the usual rule,—wages lag behind prices. Although wages have not gone up as rapidly as the prices of potatoes, onions, beans, and eggs, they have undoubtedly gone up faster than the prices of meats, rice, prunes, tea,

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coffee, and many other commodities. Therefore, the power of substituting one commodity for another, the cheaper for the dearer, at least alleviates the situation. Add to this the fact that there has been steady employment for any man (or woman) with half a mind and half a body, and it is no wonder that investigations on the Lower East Side in New York have revealed the fact that there is no more suffering among the poor classes than usual. In other words, there was not much real economic excuse for the so-called "food riots," which were at least partly due to an inability of certain foreign elements to adapt their diets from potatoes, onions, etc., to other foods which are low in price and sufficiently nutritious.

The reasons for the recent increase in prices are not hard to locate; in fact, the principal causes are perfectly obvious to anyone who really studies conditions and statistics. They may be enumerated as follows: first, short crops; second, unusual demand; and third, a large increase in the money supply. Many people consider food speculation as one of the causes, but we shall come back to that later.

Taking these three causes up in reverse order, the money supply of the country has been augmented largely as a result of the great influx of gold which has been sent to us in payment for our exports. An increasing supply of money has the effect of lowering the purchasing power of the dollar, which in turn means that prices are higher. An increasing volume of trade, which calls for a greater amount of money in order to carry on business, may offset this tendency, and since we have been enjoying such an increase in trade activity, it is impossible to say just how much effect the increase in money supply has had on prices; but it has at least been an important factor.

The unusual demand for commodities occasioned by the European War has been in two ways: first, by causing foreign nations to enter our markets to buy foodstuffs for export; and second, by stimulating our manufacturing industries to such an extent as to create an unprecedented period of prosperity. Foreign buying of foodstuffs has not been as important a factor as most people think, except in the case of grains and meats. The exports of potatoes and many other high-priced products have been infinitesimal, although even small exports have their effect on prices. But the unprecedented prosperity has resulted in a huge domes-

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tic demand, because of steady employment and high wages. In other words, people in general are demanding and buying more commodities than ever before. This is a conspicuous reason for high prices today.

But the most important and obvious reason is short crops. This would furnish a sufficient explanation, if there were no other factors making for high prices; fortunately this factor is easily measurable by means of Government statistics. The year 1915 was our banner year in crop production, and therefore prices stayed down through the winter and spring of 1915-16. Nineteen-sixteen was the poorest crop year we had had for several years. The acreage planted in 1916 did not differ materially from that of 1915, but because of unusually adverse climatic conditions, there was a reduced output per acre. In fact, during the last sixteen years, there has been only one year when average production per acre for the leading crops was lower than in 1916. The production per acre of ten leading crops averaged about fifteen per cent. smaller in 1916 than in 1915.

The potato crop of 1916 was only 285,000,000 bushels, as compared with an average of 361,000,000 bushels for the previous six years; notable shortages also occurred in the wheat, corn, beans, and onion crops; the cabbage crop was nearly a complete failure. Fortunately, the rice crop was enormous, which accounts for the low price of that commodity, and its resulting popularity. Sweet potatoes were also produced in greater abundance. The amount of live stock marketed in 1916 was greater than usual, which explains why meat prices have not advanced abnormally. Unfortunately, adverse weather conditions in the South during the early part of 1917 blasted the hopes that truck crops from that region might alleviate the situation.

Since potatoes have jumped in price so phenomenally, and since they have become, next to the war, the commonest subject of conversation, they deserve a further word. The acreage was five per cent. less in 1916 than in 1915, but the production per acre was only 80.4 bushels as compared with 96.3 the previous year, a decline of over 15 per cent. The principal potato States are along the northern border of the country; Maine's crop was about the same as in 1915, but Michigan's fell from 21,000,000 bushels to 15,000,000; Wisconsin's from 26,000,000 to 13,000,000; and Minnesota's from 30,000,000 to 16,000,000. The total production of po-

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tatoes in 1916 was the smallest it had been since 1908. The banner year was 1912, when this country produced 420,000,000 bushels, as compared with only 285,000,000 in 1916.

Furthermore, the quantity of potatoes left in growers' and dealers' hands in nineteen Northern States on January 1, 1917, as estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture, was only 60,000,000 bushels, or 35 per cent. of the crop, as compared with 106,000,000 bushels on January 1, 1916, or 45 per cent. of that year's crop. In fact the holdings on January 1, 1916, were less than half of the average January holdings for the previous five years. It is interesting to note that 75 per cent. of the holdings were in the hands of the growers themselves, and only 25 per cent. in the hands of dealers. How long do you suppose those 60,000,000 bushels of January first would have lasted if they had been sold to consumers at say a dollar a bushel,—or even two dollars a bushel? But this brings us to the question of food speculation.

Speculation, which is generally misunderstood, is commonly assigned as one of the principal reasons for the high price of foodstuffs. It seems to be a popular belief that it is a crime for dealers to hold back goods for higher prices. Unfortunately our crops are produced during a relatively short season of the year. It will probably be granted by all that it is desirable to distribute one season's crops as evenly as possible over the succeeding months until the next crops mature. It therefore devolves upon someone to assume the risk, responsibility, and capital outlay, of holding commodities in order to perform this important function. The people who do so naturally hope that prices will go up, rather than down, and they must have fairly strong reasons for believing this will be the case, or else they would not take the trouble and suffer the mental anguish involved.

Whoever holds goods in this way, be he farmer or middleman or consumer, is a speculator. He is running the risk of loss or gain from subsequent price fluctuations. Sometimes he makes a profit, and sometimes he suffers a loss. He suffers a loss more commonly than is generally thought. Year in and year out, it is doubtful if the profits are more than enough to pay for the functions performed.

The distribution of a crop throughout the year is determined by the price level, which in turn is brought about through competition of buyers and sellers who are con-

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stantly studying market conditions. If the price is held too high during the fall, the crop is not used up fast enough, and the "market breaks" during the following winter or spring. This often happens. If the price is put too low in the Fall, too much of the year's supply is exhausted, and the price soars during the next Spring. This is what happened to potatoes this past year. Although prices were high during the Fall of 1916, they were not high enough to prevent a too rapid using up of the supply, and consequently, when the supply was nearly exhausted by February, the price jumped. If the price had been arbitrarily lowered by some outside authority, such as the Government, the small remaining stock would have been used up at once.

From what has been said, it must be clear that speculation, looked at in its true light, is not only an economic necessity, but an economic benefit as well. We should encourage speculation, rather than despise it. It is ludicrous to read in the daily papers that certain dealers are holding back so many million pounds of this or that commodity, as though it were a crime for them to do so. They are really performing an important economic service by so doing.

Speculation takes different forms in different trades. In the case of grains and cotton, it takes the form of buying and selling for future delivery. This not only brings about the most perfect distribution of a commodity throughout the year, but furnishes a means whereby the actual merchandisers or holders of these commodities can largely avoid the risk of price fluctuations. For example, a terminal elevator company buys wheat in the fall, and immediately sells it to a flour miller for delivery the following May at an advance of six cents a bushel over the price paid. Since the elevator company knows that it will cost only four cents to "carry" the grain until May, it is sure of a profit of two cents a bushel, and need not worry. The flour mill, having bought the wheat at a price for May delivery, knows what price to charge for flour which it contracts to deliver in June. Although dealing in futures is attended by certain evils, this form of speculation has economic advantages which far outweigh the evils, and results in a lower marketing cost, and lower price to the consumer.

Speculation in eggs takes the form of buying them up and putting them in cold storage, trusting that the price will go up, rather than down. The cold-storage companies

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do not buy eggs; they merely furnish warehouses, and rent space to the hundreds of dealers, who are the "speculators." The cold-storage company has no control over either the price or the length of time the goods are held in storage. The egg speculators perform an exceedingly important service; reliable statistics show that they lose money during many seasons, and that in the long run they make no more than they are entitled to. As a result of their operations, perfectly wholesome eggs are available at reasonable prices throughout the winter when the hens refuse to lay.

The only danger in connection with speculation is the possibility that some individual may "corner" the market, or that a small number of dealers may get control of the supply, and conspire to lift prices above the level necessary to make the commodities last out until the next crop year. This has been known to happen to a certain extent in the wheat and cotton markets, but really successful corners have been very rare, and have had more or less temporary effects. For most farm products, cornering the market is extremely difficult. Potatoes, for example, are raised over such a wide territory, and by so many individual farmers (many of whom do their own "speculating"), that it is practically impossible for any small group of dealers to get control of a sufficient quantity to artificially affect the price. The mere fact of high prices is no proof of monopoly. Although the Government should keep a constant lookout for manipulation, and for other evils of speculation, it is a significant fact that investigations made during the early part of 1917 have been unable to unearth any conspiracies to artificially raise the prices of foodstuffs, except possibly in the case of onions, though it remains to be seen whether the Government really has a case against the onion dealers who were indicted.

Another popular fallacy exists with regard to our whole marketing organization, which is commonly blamed for high prices, and which is declared by many to be cumbersome and wasteful in the extreme. It is urged that farm products pass through the hands of too many middlemen, and that what is needed is a more direct route from producer to consumer. This is so commonly believed that it is accepted as axiomatic, and it is the foundation rock on which most of the schemes for market reform are built; furthermore, one who attempts to defend the present system runs the risk of being branded a hopeless reactionary and an impracticable

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theorist. And yet it would seem strange if, in all our industrial and commercial development of the past half-century —which is supposed to have reached a fairly high state of efficiency—this important part of our economic machinery should have remained so disgracefully inefficient and hopelessly primitive as is commonly assumed.

In the marketing of farm products, certain necessary services have to be performed, and someone has to perform them. In the first place the small and heterogeneous contributions of individual farmers have to be collected for shipment at a country point. They have to be graded, and packed, and held for shipment in car-load lots. Then they are transported hundreds, frequently thousands, of miles,—usually in refrigerator cars. They arrive in the large cities often in train-loads, the quantity fluctuating from day to day, and each car-load often composed of a variety of qualities, sizes, and degrees of ripeness. The fact that many commodities mature first in one section of the country and then in another adds to the complications.

After arrival in the large cities, they have to be cared for in stores and warehouses, broken up into smaller and smaller lots, steered into the thousands of retail channels, and finally passed on to the hundreds of thousands of consumers in half-dozen or half-pound lots. During all this process large amounts of capital are tied up, and credit has to be given; risks of loss are incurred from deterioration of commodities; salesmen have to make business connections and find out just what quality and size of article is desired by each purchaser; delivery equipment has to be maintained for the physical transportation of the goods from jobber to retailer, and from retailer to consumer; and forces of clerks and accountants have to be maintained to keep track of myriads of transactions.

To perform these functions, middlemen have appeared. Country shippers, grain elevators, potato warehouses, collect from the individual farmers and ship in car-load lots to wholesale receivers or commission merchants; this latter class sometimes sells direct to the retail trade, but more commonly to jobbers. The wholesale receiver assembles the goods from all parts of the country, provides storage room for them, roughly sorts them out according to quality, and finances country shippers on the one hand and jobbers on the other. The jobber seeks the retailer with his salesman,

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splits up the goods into small quantities, sorts them out according to quality, delivers from day to day, and even from hour to hour, and performs the unsatisfactory task of giving credit to and making collections from retailers.

The foregoing description outlines the usual channels of trade through which farm products pass on their way from producer to consumer. Sometimes an additional middleman appears in the form of a broker, who represents the distant shipper in finding a wholesaler who can handle the goods; or sometimes an auction company appears between receiver and jobber; and sometimes a cold-storage house enters as an additional middleman. But the commonest route is producer, country shipper, railroad, wholesale receiver or commission merchant, jobber, retailer, consumer,—five intermediaries between producer and consumer, counting the railroad, or four intermediaries who are regular dealers in farm produce.

Who is qualified to conclude that there are too many steps between producer and consumer? Is it not possible that there are very good reasons for the development of the present system? Dispassionate investigations of the marketing process yield conclusions which are very different from those assumed by the market "reformers" and by the public at large.

In the first place, it is found that many commodities which pass through the hands of a large number of middlemen are marketed on very small margins, or "spreads," between producer and consumer, and that an additional middleman does not appear unless he can perform certain services, by specializing on them, more cheaply and more efficiently than anyone else. The marketing system is not a hard-and-fast one; it is not made up of fixed and arbitrary divisions of functions between successive middlemen. There is constant experimentation and change going on all the time, as the result of keen competition. Sometimes a dealer assumes the performance of more services than he performed before, and thereby "eliminates" the middleman either preceding him or following him; sometimes, on the other hand, he narrows his functions, and becomes more of a specialist, often increasing the number of middlemen.

Numerous cases might be cited wherein an additional middleman appears for the simple reason that he expedites and economizes the marketing process. The auction company

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in the fruit trade is a case in point; likewise the broker; even the co-operative shipping association formed by farmers is an additional middleman, when it performs for the farmers collectively what they were formerly doing individually. If the jobbers of a large city should form a co-operative delivery company, so as to do away with duplication of effort and equipment, economies might possibly result,—but this would be through the addition of another middleman!

In fact the organization of the marketing process is merely an illustration of a fundamental economic law, viz., that division of labor or specialization results in the greatest production of commodities or services for the least effort. From the standpoint of economics, marketing is a part of the productive process. Getting goods from one place to another, and into the hands of those who need them most, is just as necessary as the growing of the commodities in the first place,—and in many cases is much more difficult and costly to perform.

And so we see that by attacking this problem from two different directions—one from a study of actual marketing methods, and the other from the standpoint of recognized economic principles—we come to the same conclusion, viz., that there is ample justification for the present organization of the marketing process, and that it has developed for the simple reason that it performs the marketing service more economically than any other system that has been devised. This does not mean that the present system is perfect by any means. But it does mean that it is unsafe to conclude offhand that there are too many middlemen; in some trades perhaps there are, but in other trades it is possible that economies might be effected by adding another middleman.

If this reasoning is sound, it follows that all revolutionary proposals for the reform of the marketing system based on the assumption that producer and consumer must be brought closer together, are fanciful and uneconomic, and have very little chance of success.

L. D. H. Weld.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE SOUTH

BY HAMILTON JAMES ECKENRODE

In all probability history will never become a very complete representation of life; it must always to some extent embody a special point of view and thus limit us to partial aspects of the truth. But we have made such great advances from the drum and trumpet age, when history strutted majestically, that it is possible we may go much farther if we are willing still farther to unbend our dignity.

If history is to become a real reflection of life, it must imitate science in relentlessly investigating all the phenomena of human existence without regard to their apparent importance or non-importance. At first sight, without any knowledge of nature, it would seem more reasonable to suppose that a man suffering from delirium is in the clutches of an evil spirit rather than the victim of organisms immensely small and immensely low in the scale of life. Savages who beat tom-toms around their sick in order to exorcise demons are naked rationalists. As a matter of long observation, however, we know that sickness is not caused by impressive devils but by insignificant germs.

The habit of historians is to seek adequate causes for large results. But causes in history are often like bacilli in physical life, and it may well be believed that we sometimes err in attempting to find elaborate religious, political or economic agencies to explain great crises in the story of mankind. We have oversought. In reality many of the great happenings of history have been brought about by forces which might seem trivial, if anything could seem trivial to the scientific mind. Man's spiritual conflicts, his governmental concerns, even his bread and butter struggle—all have had the changes rung on them and all of them together leave something unexplained. It is necessary to seek other and less imposing causes—causes rooted in egotism—and among these we find that neglected power, the social ideal.

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The whole world is agreed that the settlement of America was an event of profound importance. It provided vast material resources; it paved the way for political and religious liberty, and—summing up everything in one—it afforded an escape from the narrow outlook of the Middle Ages. European man had been chastened into civilization by the Middle Ages, but he had been painfully scarred in the discipline. In losing savage equality and courage, he had lost almost as much as he had won in gaining order.

In America he was given the chance to recover from his wounds. No matter how governments might plan, life in the colonies steadily grew less and less mediæval, and stronger, fuller and bolder than the life of Europe. The abundance of cheap land, the great forests, the absence of hereditary lords and overwhelming social contrasts worked together to free Europeans from the spiritual burden of the feudal period. It was in the American colonies that the modern world began to exist. When the French philosophers of the eighteenth century came to do their work, they found a nation of disciples waiting for them across the water. The result of their sowing on this prepared ground was the American Revolution.

Many explanations of the Revolution have been offered by several generations of historians. The more recent they happen to be, the more unsatisfactory they are, for the present-day historian, believing that all life is measured in terms of economics, understands less of the spirit of the Revolution than Bancroft. The Revolution was indeed only to a small extent economic; it was more political; it was most of all social. It was before anything else a revolt against the system and the spirit of the Middle Ages.

The results of the Revolution plainly indicate its social bearing. Human life made a great leap forward. Liberal constitutions were written; mediæval criminal codes and mediæval institutions like entail disappeared; class distinctions were greatly modified. The Middle Ages, still powerful in Europe, passed away in America.

In this struggle for freedom from English rule and mediæval ideas, the Southern colonies played a leading part. The South entered the Revolution with a definite programme of political advancement and social improvement. The philosophers of the Revolution were nearly all Southerners—George Mason, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Madison—and it

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was in the South that the greatest social changes were made. The North was less deeply affected.

The influence of the South, great as it was in the Revolutionary period, became of even more importance when independence had been won and the American people stood at the parting of the ways. The republic had come into existence, but what shape was the republic to take? Was it to be only another United Netherlands, or something better?

In the North mediæval ideas had to some extent survived the conflict. There were few democratic leaders of note in that section and democracy itself was sadly discredited by Shay's Rebellion. New classes had arisen to replace the old; and the social ideal was not wholly unlike what it had been in the colonial age.

In the South, on the other hand, democracy triumphed under Jefferson's leadership. Democracy did more than win a victory over opponents; it converted the opponents themselves. The French Revolution was welcomed in the South, and in the decade between 1789 and 1799 the all-important planter class became radical in politics and society.

The attitude of the North towards the French Revolution was strongly hostile. Alexander Hamilton, great and modern as he was in finance, was a mediævalist socially, and the republic in his hands would have become an imitation of England before the reforms of 1832. In the South, however, democracy happened to possess some of the most notable leaders that have ever upheld its standard. The noblest of them, George Mason, the first constitution-maker, was a big-brained and big-hearted thinker, who, in the harmony of his mental and moral faculties, stands out as one of the finest figures of the century. The greatest was Jefferson, whose many failings seem small when we remember his breadth of sight and his noble trust in mankind. In an age when the mob of politicians split hairs as to the exact extent of the powers with which the people might be safely trusted, Jefferson stood boldly for popular government. His efforts, successful at last, inaugurated the modern age in politics.

Jefferson was able to gain as his followers in the South the men who form the social ideal in every community—the men of knowledge of life, wealth and influence. Since Jefferson favored letting down the bars and admitting all men to the good things of life, they, too, were for it. The planters had opposed Jefferson at first, but he had won them over;

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the South became strongly democratic and remained so for nearly two decades.

It was his powerful advocacy of democratic ideas, in opposition to the mediævalism of the Northern politicians, which enabled Jefferson to gain the allegiance of the American people. The people respected Washington; they loved Jefferson. The Maine fisherman, the Connecticut farmer, the Kentucky pioneer, the Virginia planter alike looked to him for guidance. It was Jefferson and Jefferson's party that established the American idea and claimed the republic for democracy.

The world, however, no more than the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, can escape from the past. That mediæval past, with its class feeling, its lording and cringing, its short-sighted selfishness, had still to be reckoned with. It was not possible in a single generation to correct the evils of centuries. The high democrats themselves were much to blame. Office dulled Jefferson's enthusiasm and deadened the aspirations of his party; democracy was corrupted by its triumph. And there was another and more powerful influence working against democracy which was destined to be conclusive so far as the South was concerned.

This was the state of thought in Europe in the early nineteenth century. Napoleon's career had not been an inspiration to the American democrats, but his overthrow in 1815 was, nevertheless, a sad blow to the democratic cause throughout the world. The smoke had scarcely vanished from the field of Waterloo before the great anti-democratic reaction was in full swing in Europe. The horrors of the French Revolution and the evident failure of democracy to measure up to specifications were endlessly dwelt on, while the immense improvement in life wrought by the Revolution was ignored. At no time have political autocracy and social privilege seemed more completely in the ascendant than in the years immediately following the battle of Waterloo.

The counter-revolution was triumphant in Europe; it could not but influence the American republic as well. The planter class had espoused the cause of democracy with an enthusiasm unknown to the Northern financial and social leaders, who never in reality became democrats. The planters had entered the great egalitarian movement whole-heartedly and had followed Jefferson in full faith. They had believed in the rights of man and now Europe spat upon the

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rights of man. The disillusion of the planters was bitter and it was complete. They lost faith in the principles of the Revolution, so far as these were social, and came to look on democracy as a failure.

So great a movement as the European reaction must have made itself felt in the South in any case, but it may be doubted that the reactionary influence would have been anything like so deep and lasting but for Sir Walter Scott. He was the anti-Rousseau, answering the *Social Contract* with *Ivanhoe*. He happened to come, too, at the psychological moment, when the South, bereft of the social ideas of the Revolution, was looking for new idols to replace the broken.

The possibilities of fiction as an agent for influencing public opinion were unknown when Scott began to write novels; they are not fully realized as yet. Scott, as the first great romancer, made an impression on social ideas that lasted for decades and decades. He wrote in ardent admiration of mediævalism and with a great store of antiquarian learning, yet it remains a fact that seldom has a period been more thoroughly misinterpreted than the Middle Ages by Sir Walter. He was minutely acquainted with the trappings of mediævalism, but knew little of its spirit and less of its evils. His antique lore and his skill as a story-writer made this misinterpretation a matter of serious import to the world.

Probably no epoch of human existence has been much drearier than the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, Scott, by his genius, made this dull chapter the most picturesque and glowing time in history. The whole European world felt the sorcery of his romantic imaginings; the naturally romantic South fell a victim to them. It found a new inspiration to take the place of democracy.

Scott was a thorough-going mediævalist socially. He had a pathetic trust in the efficacy of mere rank; if the king had touched him for the king's evil, his faith would have made him whole. He did more than love a lord; he believed in the lord. In view of this, it is easy to understand that Jefferson had no part in this mediævalist paradise he painted. The great democrat was no longer a prophet to the planters and he sank to the position of a States' rights advocate.

If Scott had written as a mere philosopher, or only as a poet, the effect of his teaching might have been limited, but, writing as the most engrossing romancer the world has known, he was able to have his view of history accepted. The Mid-

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dle Ages, once so dark and dismal as men looked back to them, were suddenly discovered to have been the Golden Age.

The new romanticism produced its maximum effect on the imaginative, impressionable South. The planters, who had welcomed the doctrine of equality a couple of decades before, were now convinced aristocrats. In 1795 the social ideal had been the gentleman Jacobin; in 1825 it was Sir Walter's knight. The South, by an effort of the imagination, returned to that mediævalism which it has been the special mission of America to combat. Coats-of-arms appeared everywhere—some genuine, some spurious, of course—and the feelings which are expressed by heraldic display became uppermost. The planters turned their backs squarely on modern tendencies. Thus it happened that the Middle Ages, overthrown in the Revolution, conquered in the end.

The mediæval revival was largely confined to the South. In the rough West, there was little scope for romanticism in any form, and the West grew to be the bulwark of American democracy, which had lost so much in losing the planters. In the North mediævalism did not revive for another reason. The Northern people, seeing their opportunity, were engaged in the epic economic development which resulted in the rise of the great American industries. The hard-headed, practical, unimaginative North had decided on reality, leaving romance to the South.

So uninformed are our historians in social phenomena that they have attributed the peculiar trend of Southern life from 1815 to 1860 to the influence of slavery. Slavery is, in fact, the devil of American history; all the sins of our past may be comfortably laid at its door. But a more careful study of American life—not documents—would almost certainly show that slavery has played a far smaller part in determining the fate of the country than Northerners and Southerners alike have supposed.

Negro slavery, like most other institutions, had its vices and its virtues. The historians have fallen into the natural error of investing it with a positive quality it never possessed. Slavery indeed resembled the actuating principle in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*: "The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison house of the disposition, and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth."

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In the eighteenth century slavery was the cradle of democracy. It gave the Revolutionary generation the leisure to read French philosophers and English political theorists, and on a slave-worked farm George Mason made the first written constitution. Slavery, too, did something more than give leisure. It fostered the generosity and desire for human improvement which distinguished the Southern revolutionists. It did this because it spared them the need of struggling for a living, a necessity which is only too apt to kill in us the noble desire to help humanity at large. Washington, Jefferson, Madison—all that broad-minded breed—grew up in a land of slavery, and from the soil of slavery sprang the fiery democrat, Patrick Henry, and many another of his kind.

It may further be believed that if the democratic movement had not been checked by disillusion and the revival of mediævalism, slavery would have continued to aid the progress of the world. If Jefferson had left any disciples other than States' rights debaters, they might have led mankind onward along the right road. In this development slavery itself must have disappeared, but it would have lasted long enough to allow priceless leisure to a race of political and economic thinkers which might have richly blessed mankind.

It was not to be. In the nineteenth century we find slavery playing a different part. Democracy had fallen in Europe and the planters had ceased to believe in it. The ideals of the slave country were no longer those of republican Rome or democratic Athens but of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Crusades. Slavery now formed the basis of a feudalistic way of living that could hardly have existed without it. The South, through slavery, was able to realize Sir Walter's mediævalism to no small extent. This romanticism, fastened on a rural, warm-climate community, produced one of the most picturesque societies in history. The South was not nineteenth century, nor was it eighteenth century; it belonged to no known century but to a kingdom of the imagination which had no time.

Beyond doubt Scott gave the South its social ideal, and the South of 1860 might be not inaptly nicknamed Sir Walter Scottland. He did not create the state of feeling which held sway in the South so long, but he gave it expression. Many things show this. The term "Southern chivalry," unknown in the colonial period, came into use through

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his influence. The somewhat exaggerated respect for women which once distinguished the South is another indication of the knightly ideal. Similarly, the South largely put by its ancient and beloved amusements of horse-racing and cock-fighting in order to take up the tournament.

The modern tournament is one of the most tiresome field-sports ever invented, and yet it was popular in the South for decades. The reason for this popularity lies in the fact that the tournament, so-called, is nothing more or less than the representation of the passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, so admirably described in *Ivanhoe*. The reward for a tiresome day of tilting at rings was the ceremony of the crowning of the queen of love and beauty by the victorious knight. The Middle Ages all over again!

Just here it should be remarked that Sir Walter Scott's romantic, dilettante theory of life produced some most meritorious results. The Southern planters were noted for their charm of manner, for a high ideal of courage and honor and for a passionate love of individual freedom. These qualities are inherent in the Southerner but Scott greatly strengthened them. Sir Walter's South produced some splendid men.

The evil of his influence lies in the fact that he did so much to put the South out of harmony with the world by which it was surrounded. The South had stood in the full stream of eighteenth century life; it stood wholly aside from the nineteenth century. The chivalric ideal served to check the South's industrial development and social progress. Romantic dilettantism in the course of two generations curbed the energies of the Southern people to a great extent, and for this a price had to be paid.

In Europe dilettantism did not check development because the leisure class was too small in comparison with the total population; only the rich could take life quietly. But in the ante-bellum South slavery made dilettantism fatally easy. A man with a good farm and a few slaves need not bestir himself; he might more or less drift along. And since men will, at almost any cost, follow the social ideal of their community, many Southerners ceased to look on the life of strong exertion as the right fashion of living. There could be only one result to such an attitude in this struggling world, and the South began to fall behind in wealth and population.

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The North, money-making and modern, though far less versed in the adornment of life, outstripped the South in all those things which are the fruits of energy. In the end it gained political power. The destinies of the American people had once lain in the hands of the South; after 1825 they lay in those of the North. It became more and more evident as the years passed that the nation was to be Northern in essence and not Southern.

And since no society can long endure fundamental differences, it was inevitable that the aggressive, nineteenth century North should attack the unmodern South. The point of assault was found in slavery, that institution supporting mediævalism, that anachronism in an industrial, wage-earning age. The South was left the choice of conforming to modern life, or erecting its own government. It chose the latter and so we had the Civil War.

Romanticism withered in the fires of war. The South emerged from the great struggle a component part of the American nation, which is Northern in most essentials. The prosperous, matter-of-fact South of today has traveled a long distance since 1865.

It seems that the South made a sad mistake when its planters turned back from democracy, even though it evolved a civilization of much charm and many virtues. For the spirit of democracy, as we know, survived its sins and its mistakes, becoming the impelling force of the nineteenth century. The American people continued to be democratic, though in losing Southern political leadership it lost much. No second Jefferson has come out of the North. Indeed the North is too economical, too unpolitical; it is not prolific of great personalities. The American nation would be farther along the road to the solution of the great problems of human life, if the Southern planters had not lost faith in democracy and sought inspiration in the unsubstantial visions of Sir Walter Scott.

Hamilton James Eckenrode.

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BANNERS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

(" The national colors, with their eagles, have given place to plain red flags, one of which floats over the famous Winter Palace, where the Duma will now meet."—Newspaper clipping.)

When on the sun-spawned earth
First the mothering light
Dawned on her dark,
What stirred in the dark?
The brute was groping there,
Lured from his rock-hewn home
By the beckoning spark.
A slow, earth-smattered thing,
With the smell of the earth on his hair,—
His, in the dawn of the world,
His, in a cave impearled,
His was the first great spring
To the red dawn, to the fire.
The caves are buried.
The mammoth-hunter
Is dust upon the dust he trod.
Yet here upon a richer sod
The serf of later ages, burnt with toil,
Stood free,
And saw the fruits of his own soil
Glowing like dawn.
And here the cities see
Among their clustering lights and smoke, new days,
New freedoms and new slavery.
But now, as from beneath the deep earth-floor
The seed of flame beats upward, raging higher,
Now breaks the noise of people roused to war,
Who take their own like fire.

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Their flag is fire:
Color of the red sun
On the horizon of the cave-man; one
With the color that is spilled over the earth
In every battle, in every shuddering birth.
Blood of the beaten slave, of the faithful crucified,
Blood sapped from the worker, blood of all who died
To nourish the new soil wherefrom should spring
The unknown desired thing.
This flag a nation takes, to stud
The battle-fields with beauty.
Oh when you behold it whipping in the wind,
Color of dawn and of your own heart's blood,
Soldiers,
Will you not rise
From earth-trench and sea-hollow where you keep
Your tryst with death,
And wake out of your sleep,
And see with the cave-man's eyes
That the day is here, and this is the sunrise!
Come, as the brute from the dark, with a mighty leap
To the red dawn, to the light.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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BEFORE THE WAR

NOTES ON THE GENIUS OF PLACES

BY VERNON LEE

INTRODUCTION

THE following notes upon places were written, all but the last, in the three months preceding the War. And are likely enough the last of their kind I shall ever be able to write. For among the many things, spiritual even more than material, which the War will have wrecked and my generation can never see re-made is the cult of the genius of places: frivolous, of course, compared with the hecatombs of life, wealth and virtue we are now offering to the Powers of Evil, but at all events decent and kindly, and needing, for its little chapels, hearts with nothing heroic about them, but swept clean of animosities and self-righteousness, let alone their being garnished with daily renewed flowers of sympathy and gratitude. Even if those hearts whereof they occupied a secret corner shall not have been ravaged like so many of the Genius Loci's tangible abodes, the modest sanctuaries in question will remain locked up, and their keys mislaid, for many a year to come.

What has brought me to this conviction is the recent accident of re-reading one of my own little volumes of previous notes about Places. Reading one's own old books is always a queer sentimental experience, so much reviving in the writer's mind which does not stand printed in those, most often forgotten pages. But on this particular occasion that has not been all. It was with an odd, new, pleasure I found myself reading what I had written in former years: the relief of passing out of this devastated present into those tiny enclosures of happiness so safe in the Past; the consolation of thinking that, after all, the world of peace is still there, and that sooner or later, this present captivity in Despair's Castle, must be over, and oneself free to see and feel it all once

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more. Altogether, a sense of happiness, such as one had not had for a long while. Then, shattering it suddenly, came the shock of recognizing that this is not the case; that the Past is gone; and that when, the War being over, we shall go out expecting to find it, that Past will no longer be there.

Though it sounds absurd when one says it, those beloved things of former peace somehow seem to exist alongside and separate, not yet merged in the horrors which now bear their name. Thus I find myself staring idiotically at the photographs of devastated Rheims, much as I stared incredulously when a child, at the illustrated papers showing the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville, which the Parisian Insurgents had just burned down. I do not really believe in that Rheims lying in ruins; the Rheims in my mind is too familiar and credible: Rheims where one halted on the southward journey to meet friends who had been away from England during one's stay there. One turned back a corner of curtain in the pleasant dining room of the Lion d'Or, to see, opposite and aloft, the tiers and tiers of rigid kings and saints etched black and white by the October moon; also the pinnacle with the centaur archer, solitary among the few pale stars in the luminous blue. Similarly, the next morning, there was the great cathedral looking in at one's awaking. Then followed the afternoon hours, before parting once more from those briefly-met friends, while the carbuncle and emerald effulgences of the cathedral windows died away into sea-cave twilight filling the vast aisles. That Rheims is still the real one. But it is there no longer. And some day I shall recognize that, and disbelieve in all except its ruins.

The same applies to Conci, at the foot of its Chateau all flowery with borage. And to so many other little white-and-slate, one-storied towns of Northeastern France, with their *pâtisseries* and their patient fisherman on his chair in mid-stream; uneventful homes of modest egoistic virtues abhorrent of the heroisms at present thrust upon them. And that brings me to a Northeastern French town where I once shared that self-same life but touched with old-fashioned exquisiteness: the Autumn sunshine glinted through discreet shutters making pools and flickers on the *parquet,* while giving the grapes in the stony little vineyard to the back their finishing turn of ripeness; meanwhile a cool sound of beating of wet linen rose all day from the *lavoir* moored in the brim-full river Marne. The Marne! We English people scarcely knew its name and less its precise whereabouts in those days. And now, how much mourning in how many English homes

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does it not stand for! Marne, and Aisne and Somme, and their thinly-poplared tributaries, where one watched the barges, rising and sinking in the locks. A country it seemed so very uneventful, private, secluded. That country is gone; its very lie-of-the-land altered; become the abomination of desolation, new hideous hills and valleys of dead men as after an earthquake; for the rest, names on newspaper maps and bulletins.

And as to Belgium . . . the carillon I once listened to at Mechlin is silent in its lace-work belfry; or did it go on jangling its old-world ditties, good heavens, over what?

Our recognition of present realities once fully awakened, one is prepared to learn any day that Verona or Venice has been dealt with as Morosini's own Venetians dealt with the Acropolis; or if you prefer, Darius in person. Or that those very ruins of Athens have been buried past all hope of excavation by future archeologists. And beyond Venice, in the northeasternmost corner of her former dominions, I can see in my mind's eye the Land (*la Patria* they call it) of Friuli, —where we drove and drove in the August evenings, refreshed with raisin wine and rusks at feudal castle (Arcáno, Colloredo) after feudal castle; or at some eighteenth century villa, faded yet dainty like old chintz, which looked as if a perruked, powdered wizard had lifted it from off a side-canal of Venice, balustraded windows, central gable and entrance hall for storing oars and gondola-hoods, all complete, and set it down, magically stranded, in that flowery moraine of incredible emerald-green, sloping from the Adriatic to cobalt Alpine crags out of a Giorgionesque background. In those days no one seemed ever to have been there before; the Italians of other parts were not even decided on which syllable of its name to lay the stress: *Frīuli* or *Friūli*. They have learned how to pronounce it now: for every other train-full of conscripts goes there; and from its tiny cities, remote in time as in space, Cividale, Venzone or Palmanova, there trickles ceaselessly the abominable stream of wounded men and of death-tidings down to the very ends of Sicily. So far for Italy, as I know it and shall, alas, know it.

But as to them, dear clean, old-fashioned German towns, from Treves and Münster to innermost Franconia and the Harz, in which we two English friends were wont to take, year after year, our happiest holidays; *them* I shall, most likely, never again set foot in. And, meanwhile, in all the

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talks of our past travel with which we try to forget these evil days, their name is never mentioned even by chance; and it is as if they had never existed at all. For though they stand intact in the material world and quite unchanged, no doubt, since we were there together, the thought of them has been sacked, burnt, defiled ten thousand times over by millions of indignant wills and by imaginations thirsty for reprisals. At the mercifullest, the plough and salt of oblivion have gone over the place where they once stood in our thoughts.

This indeed is one of the worst sides of this bad business of War: this which implies the unconscious wrecking of our own soul's treasures and decencies, spiritual vandalism on which the stay-at-homes of all the nations (and priests, poets, sages at their heads) have been incessantly engaged. Material damages can be made good, trees re-planted, houses and churches built up once more in a few years, another Rheims, for instance, replacing the old one. All visible traces may be covered up in our own life-time. Besides, such damage is confined to frontier zones; and the immense bulk of Europe left as it was, cities and villages safe under their church towers; rivers undefiled and hills delectable as ever. Not so the landscape of the human soul. *That* is devastated on all sides, scarce a stone remaining in place of whatsoever we had built for our shelter, pride and joy, edifices of common wisdom, beauty and common hopes, of all that is too rare and needful to be a single people's: all shattered, blasted, polluted, by the legion of devils, hoofed and snouted or slimily obscure, penned out of sight during the years of peace in subterranean places whose decorously-bolted door War has set ajar, or thunderously thrown open.

A better world, at all events a safer one, is bound to rise in due course from these moral ruins. Let us hope it and do our best that it should be the case. But we of the elder generations whose little hod-fulls were brought to the building or patching of what has now gone under, will never see, except with eyes of faith, that new City of God or rather of Man, that renovated moral landscape. And when once more we go forth, secretly stupidly expecting the world's familiar welcomings, we shall, instead, have to pick our way among wreckage still smoking with hate and defiled by fear and self-justification. So, like the people of Messina returning after the Earthquake, we shall discover that the City which, from the ship's bridge, looked for all the world just as we left it,

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is nothing but a shell of doors and windows, screening fallen and heaped-up streets, wherein we clamber up and down, unable to guess under which mound of plaster and of rags there lies our treasure and so much of our heart.

I

THE VILLA OF TIBERIUS

One afternoon, half way through my stay at Capri, I saw an ominous sight: and one which, re-reading what I then wrote about it in this fourth year of the War, I cannot but feel as an omen of the coming destruction of all our peaceful hopes and habits.

I had climbed as usual towards sunset up that semaphore hill behind my friend's villa, brushing the scent out of the lentisk and young myrtle and very green rosemary on the rocks, and got to the sheer ledge above the Mithras-Grotto, where you look down onto the sea as down the side of a well: those depths of azure which has flame somehow mixed in it, and the violet sea-weed shallows, and the cobalt water (like the sulphate of copper they spray over vines in this country) over the pure white sand. The day had been fine. And what I saw drifting across the narrow neck of the island I took for smoke from some steamer on the northern side. But more came and more, drifting steadily southwards, sometimes veiling Solaro and sometimes separating the abrupt castle hill as if cut flat out of paper, from the mountains in whose steep mass it is usually merged. By this time mists were drifting also from the mainland, crossing the blue unruffled water and licking the jagged rocks of Tiberius's Villa.

In a minute or two not a tourist was left up there. The light faded, the air became chill above the little field of asphodels of that hill-top; and always more and more icy mists floated across that smooth water; and clung like clustered bats to the bare ragged rocks.

A sense of change and almost of fear came over me with that sudden chilliness. Could this be Capri? Or was there another Capri, an ill-omened place of Sabbath for antique witches?

With this sinister impression of that serene Odyssean island, goes that of another evening, when late and breathless, I reached at last the top of Tiberius's Villa. The way climbs through vineyards with fig-trees and roses, the classic,

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or shall we say? the Northern Tourist's South. And on the white Moorish-looking farm-walls are set forth in huge German inscriptions, the attractions of a unique "Carolina" (or is it a succession of unique Carolinas?) and her genuine Tarantella. One's thoughts go to the appalling bourgeois couples of Ibsen, Nora dancing before the domestic Scandinavian stove that tarantella brought back from the Capri honeymoon. To make this Ibsen impression complete, a stout *jaeger'd* and *loden'd* Barbarian was posing (was it?) a Carolina against a trattoria wall for a tardy snap shot.

But at the top of the hill all was solitary; only in the cold wind a small green bird kept flying in and out of the reticulated antique masonry. And above me, at the summit of the rock, the gilt statue of the Madonna looked in the evening light like some looming impaled victim.

Returning down I noticed an English inscription on a wall, setting forth that it took I forget how many seconds for a stone to drop into the sea from the spot whence Tiberius was wont to cast his slaves, which (the falling stone at least) you could enjoy by ringing a bell, let alone you might partake of tea, coffee or chocolate at moderate prices. . . . What would Tiberius (garlanded Napoleonic Caesar as we see him on coins!) have thought had he asked his wise men not (as Suetonius tells us) what song the Sirens sang? but what inscriptions would one day adorn his palace walls, and this had been the answer?

Thus do the tyrant and his orgies furnish forth innocent holiday joys for virtuous modern shop-keepers. Will *our* horrors also, so immeasurably greater and more scientific than those of poor artless antiquity, amuse the leisure of peaceful future generations? Such at least seems the only durable result of wars and massacres: sale of *souvenirs* and motor trips to Marathon and Waterloo.

CAPRI, March, 1914.

VERNON LEE.

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SOME DIFFICULTIES IN DOING WITHOUT ETERNITY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

HAVE any of us noticed what a fairyland we lost when we stopped believing in eternity? There was a glamor and glitter about that past playground of religion which makes our present creed of science barren and chilly. If today we write the word Eternity in white chalk on a blackboard, and gazing at it try to recall what it used to signify, we shall find this exercise of the spirit most joyous. The word reminds us how we used to slip away from hurry to bathe in a sea of timelessness, refreshing to every taut nerve. How we exalted and expanded in the belief that eternity would give us all that we could not get in the present, for that was what eternity was for; we should never again be sick or sad or bad. In eternity we should be no longer the puny spawn of monkeys, but beings good and great and glorious as angels. Eternity was full of shining light and serried ranks of singing hosts. Majestic figures from the past walked its wondrous streets and we ourselves walked with them. There was the gleaming of a golden and immortal city, our home at last. There was even in our vision of eternity the presence of God.

Such was the fairyland of faith where once we walked confidently. It is banned now even from our fancy as irrevocably as the elf-kingdom of the nursery. No one now believes we live after we die; it is even deemed reprehensible to want to. Yet for those of us who formerly possessed eternity it is hard all at once to get used to doing without it. We agree with science that eternity should be abolished in the interests of an efficient spiritual life, and yet without eternity, we sometimes ache with our abrupt adjustment to being merely mortal. Creeds and other comforts have a way of slipping away from us without our seeing. Time

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and again we can be found blindly struggling to adapt ourselves to some deficiency in our supply of beliefs without any clear conception of the nature of the hole or of our resources for either filling it or enduring it. The present age suffers all the awkwardness of being transitional. In a few decades babies will be born immune to any faith or fear in regard to the future, but meanwhile it is well to examine our present difficulties in passing from immortality to annihilation, and perhaps to discover a little help for hobbledehoys. A transitional period should be a little patient with itself, for it suffers both the growing pains of stretching to the demands of the future, and the rheumatic twinges of belonging to a decaying past.

The first difficulty of our adjustment has the nature of a growing pain, being due to our still imperfect response to the demands of science, which bewilder our dulness by apparent contradiction. When science is all the time bidding us to batter down doors, it is confusing to the mind to have science herself declare that death is the only door that opens nowhere. In every other department of research we are encouraged to the wildest flights of imagination and hypothesis. It is therefore increasingly difficult as we become increasingly inured to scientific adventure, to stop short before the most provocative of all phenomena, the human spirit in its eventful cycle. Eternity seems the only thoroughly scientific explanation of the soul. At a mere superficial reading each human life appears like a chapter from a serial rather than a complete volume or a fugitive page tossed on the wind. The chance-blown paragraphs reveal so much that suggests a vigorously conceived plot, powerful characterization, dramatic incident, intense emotion, rich background, that it is almost impossible not to formulate a synopsis of preceding chapters, and to conjecture the denouement following the catastrophe of death. It is even at times hard to withstand the conviction that there must have been an author. One could almost suspect him of breaking off at a crisis on purpose to make us eager for the next instalment. The figure of speech may perhaps make clear to us the primary trouble of our being transitional, namely the difficulty of being both scientific and unscientific at the same time, for our instinct to understand and explain tends to destroy our pleasure even in the torn chapter we hold in hand; it is hard to work up a proper

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reading enthusiasm in the face of a positive assertion by science that there will be no "continued-in-our-next."

The most cursory study of our bygone belief reveals at once other troubles for the present generation in trying too suddenly to get along without a future. We suffer from the working within us of old instincts and superstitions not to be violently uprooted,—rheumatic heritage of souls in process of transformation. While our reason admits that there is no valid excuse for being immortal and that our perverse hankering after such a condition argues us self-centered and self-important, all the same there is peril in too abruptly removing the props to personal prestige promised by the mythical joys of our lost fairyland. Our anticipated survival gave us a sense of superiority to the insects, prevented our being sensitive to the silent scoffings of the roadside stones that so long outlast us.

Evanescence tends also to undermine our personal affections. It hardly seems worth while to be over-fond of relative or friend whom a breath of wind may snuff out like a flame. Why should beings more brittle than beetles go about loving each other as if they were gods? Morally, human frailty was often subconsciously controlled by keeping ourselves fit for the society we expected ultimately to enter, that of saints and sages and perhaps of God himself.

The first effect of destroying all these expectations is disastrous for people who were far more dependent on them than they dreamed, for to tell the truth, eternity in the old days had so little apparent relation to our daily conduct that the complete rejection of the concept is like that of some bodily organ whose functioning is deemed negligible until it ceases. In a few generations people will find as much inspiration in being finite as we used to find in being infinite. Meanwhile for us who have the luck to be transitional there is perhaps a compromise.

Apart from our personal pangs, the loss of eternity has had effects, social and political, that intensify our private discomfort. Perhaps if our difficulties are clarified we may recognize how burdened we actually are, and be willing to allow ourselves a makeshift leniency. Chief among the public phenomena directly traceable to the absence of eternity is the war. On a basis of strict mortality, war for aggrandizement becomes the only legitimate activity for person or nation. Reason shows that since death ends all, material

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things are the only things worth getting, and even more clearly shows that since human beings are as finite as mosquitoes, they are no more worthy of preservation. Germany is the most laudably logical nation in the world, but her logic has been a little uncomfortable for the nations who are more sluggish in evolution, and who will still cling to their retrogressive respect for spiritual valuations and to their obsolete reverence for the human soul. Of course if Germany had not purified herself from all taint of faith in eternity, she might conceivably have waited for permeation through peace, instead of being in such a devil of a hurry to chop a way through for her culture. Doubtless in the course of time, other nations will attain Germany's serene heights of pure reason; but at present it is necessary frankly to admit that aggression, while our brains pronounce it a most rational pastime, is still for our imagination and sympathies one of the chief temporary discomforts of doing without eternity.

Next to the war in importance of effect stands the high cost of living. Of course we all know there is enough food for everybody to eat and enough money to pay for it, provided that nobody wants more food than he ought to eat, nor more money than he ought to spend. However, now that we know with absolute certainty that we die when we die, any man would be a fool if he did not try to eat as much and to spend as much as he possibly could. Food and money are the only fun the finite can have; and naturally the effort to get as much of both as possible, sends prices soaring. Without penetrating too far into economic intricacies, one can connect the decline in value of the Apocalypse with the advance in value of eggs. The high cost of living is directly due to the high cost of dying; when dying costs annihilation, people have to work pretty hard to get a life's worth out of seventy years.

Of causes of distress taken in order of popular complaint, next to the war and the high cost of living stands the new poetry. The relation between imagism and immortality is so obvious as to be invisible. Granted that the aim of literature is to mirror life, the imagist's insistence on aspect versus interpretation is inevitable, for plainly literature should not deal with meanings when life, being mortal, cannot have a meaning. Sensation alone is sufficiently ephemeral to be true to life, whereas a poem that attempts

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to express some significance beneath phenomena has a tendency to outlast its generation, and runs the risk of endurance, and of becoming in some notable instances even immortal, whereas such a reversion towards stability either in a poem or in a person shows each alike false to our faith in flux.

Those of us, however, who cannot all at once throw off the thrall of the poor old poets of our infancy must be content to go a bit slowly, trusting that our descendants will attain complete responsiveness to the poetry of the evanescent. We perceive humbly enough how reactionary we are, but our obstreperous instinct for explanation corrupts even our literary tenets so that with senile obstinacy we sometimes wonder whether even from its own purely æsthetic point of view the new poetry does not miss something the older poetry possessed. Meaning, adroitly introduced into a poem, sometimes produced a pretty little art of its own, a blending of outer and inner attributes that had in itself a kind of grace. It is even more heterodox to question in looking back, whether a poet's effort to explain was not stimulating to his imagination, making him actually see things more vividly in their external aspects by his very concentration on their inner qualities. Certainly no imagist poet for all his preoccupation with picture has ever produced as vivid descriptions as did Browning, a poet above all others avid for meanings.

We of today may as well acknowledge first as last that our feet, set in infancy to the pace of eternity, will never step lively enough for the present age. While deprecating the breathlessness of keeping up with the contemporary, the most old-fashioned of us must admire its valiancy. We are not nearly so lazy as when we used to leave some of our development to be accomplished after the temporary setback of death. Our own muscles are a bit stiff, however, and as we conscientiously whip them to the requirements of high speed pressure, we must comfort ourselves with the thought that our posterity will be able to fly without experiencing any of our awkwardness.

The spiritual leisure and lethargy resulting from a reliance on eternity to finish up what we could not get done on earth, obviously clogged the wheels of progress, which now can anywhere be seen whizzing along without any brakes. We open the advertising pages of any periodical, to find

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that speed is the dominant advantage offered with every commodity. Get-healthy quick, get-learned quick, get-rich quick, are the headings under which most of our advertisements might be grouped. We are all familiar with the photographed faces of the people who will show us how to reach a maximum of attainment in a minimum of time. The gentleman with the arresting index finger leaps out at our laziness to teach us how to be successful in ten lessons. Success is a word that could not even be defined before the abolishment of eternity, with the resultant denial of all criteria but the immediate.

While haste is necessarily painful for our still imperfectly adjusted mentality in every department of life, we must allow for our being peculiarly sensitive to the changes it necessitates in the training of youth. In the old days when death graduated us into eternity, we had much more time to devote to education. There was in our early years an agreeable luxury in the pursuit of learning. We did not have to practice the rigid economy of the correspondence school, or of languages by phonograph. As we look back it seems as if minds were richer when they did not have to be so niggardly in the luggage they took for their journey. This is but the sentimental vaporing of the senile, for in our sane moments we perceive as clearly as does the most modern pedagogue that Greek and Latin are impedimenta to retard the boy of today in the race set before him, and we believe with the publisher-purveyors to youth that the compendia of useful knowledge furnished by them offer the handiest possible canned nutriment for a period that has time only for acquisition, not for digestion.

As regards the study of the classics we did not at first perceive that to annul the future involved annulling the past, and yet practically giving up eternity has undermined our interest in history. Conviction of mortality enjoins the conscience to concentrate on the contemporary so intensely that past events become obscure. Unless we have eternity before us we really have no time to look behind. Yet some of us have a yearning for history that used to find satisfaction in fancying that our little age fitted into a sequence of ages. It contributed to a false but agreeable complacency to gaze back into an endless past as it did to gaze forward into an endless future. Of course abolishing eternity does not necessarily obliterate the past or explicitly forbid our

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going back there to visit, it merely makes today so important that we have no time whatever for yesterday.

In this matter of educational adjustment as in others, a transitional period suffers enough to permit itself a little humoring of its prejudices; we should not attach too much guilt to a surreptitious enjoyment of the ancients so long as we do not corrupt the youth of our acquaintance by teaching them any of our respect for antique art. So long as we are doing our conscientious best to free our boys and girls from the cumbersomeness of a classic education, we may feel that we have done our duty, and may indulge a secret delight in the dusty shelves that reveal to us the grace that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. It is all right so long as we do not let the children know, for that bygone beauty is strangely seductive and glamorous, and contact with it might sap their energy in pursuing fortune and fame and food, which should be the sole preoccupation of people appointed to die.

Indisputably speed must be the desideratum of all activity, educational or other. Now the chief distress we older ones experience from speed is not that it leads to success, but that so often it leads nowhere. The old-fashioned custom of having a purpose in a pursuit makes it difficult for us to enjoy pure giddiness as heartily as do our younger contemporaries. Haste, first introduced as a method of extracting from the temporary what eternity used to supply has become an end in itself, so that a great many people ask nothing else of life but to feel themselves whizzing. Since nothing is permanent except impermanence, the one thing to do is to go spinning along, cautious only of bumping into a destination. As a consequence of trying to catch up in one lifetime with all the activity of eternity we have acquired such exhilaration, such momentum of energy, that there is nothing that we are so afraid of as the impact of arriving somewhere. The profession of flux as a creed necessitates the practice of flying as a habit. Yet with this very profession of faith I find that I have arrived at a heresy.

Now this heresy consists of the argument plainly approved by pure logic that if the purpose of speed is to get the most out of this life because there is no other, then no movement at all is just as rational as too much, and we have a perfect right to select any spot of our mental landscape that suits us and sit down on it, convinced that it is just

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as sensible to get our money's worth out of life's little day by being stationary as by being giddy. On the principle that ephemeral beings have a right to any fun they can find is founded the advice to our age toward which this entire discussion has been directed. Baldly stated, the proposal is this: the best way of doing without eternity is to pretend that we do not have to! The suggestion is frankly so absurd that any reader is permitted to smile at it as freely as does the writer. We have lost eternity and we cannot bring it back by pretending that it is still there. The point is that we do not want to bring it back, but we do want to discover some way of being comfortable without it. Believing that there is no eternity, but living as if there were, is not a process possible to all people, and is therefore urged only on those capable of so separating their reason and their imagination that the two can function separately from each other. Many people are happily thus constituted, and still more can become so if they try. There is, moreover, no real sin in the course, because we are rather true to our imaginations than false to our convictions; and besides, we do no proselyting; we merely allow our own fancy the refreshment of revisiting our lost fairyland.

The chief obstacle to the compromise is that its absurdity is exactly balanced by its efficacy, in other words you can't tell how good it will feel until you try it, and if you are an over-rational and over-conscientious person you will think it beneath your dignity to try it. Yet actually there is nothing that contributes so much toward a sense of well-being as pretending, for a few minutes each day, say just before getting up in the morning and just before going to sleep at night, that you are going to live after you die.

After a few weeks of this exercise, that embarrassment we experience in the presence of nature becomes less painful, whereas when we are too acutely conscious of mortality we are shamed by an insensate oak, by a rock we could pound to powder for its silent sneer at our evanescence. If we make believe that we are as good as they are, we can hold up our heads to the sky and the stars, and even venture to penetrate the social exclusiveness of the sky and mountains. A man who pretends that he is immortal is not so deafened by the cannon of the contemporary that he cannot hear the still sweet voices of the little flowers. An association with the ancient aristocracy of sea and forest is good for

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a person, but it is almost impossible to feel at ease in this society unless we temporarily assume an equality with it in permanence. This secret leniency toward our abandoned faith tends to enhance our joy in human comradeship as well as in that of nature. In actuality human affection is so menaced by fate as to resemble the surreptitious whispering in the schoolroom while the teacher's back is turned. When the loftiest spiritual converse may at any time be broken off by the malevolence of a molecule called a germ, some of us would rather never love anybody, as the only means of getting even with being ephemeral. On the other hand if we can manage to simulate a sense of survival, and can picture death as a mere voyage, we can enjoy comradeship up to the very last minute, and shout confident *au revoirs* even while the boat is pulling out to sea.

A faith in a future secretly indulged is stimulating to mentality. If we assume for a few minutes even in jest that perhaps our life's chapter has a meaning, instantly our ingenuity is off to invent other chapters past and future. Before we know it our minds are glowing as we discover some passage of grand and sustained style, or are tingling with the glorious guesswork of an entire synopsis. If we are gifted with any dramatic instinct, we are as likely as not, while we turn the pages, to find ourselves appropriating the hero's part, and bearing ourselves a bit more nobly, with a dim notion of being destined to still greater actions in the next instalment. Pretending that perhaps after all our life has a meaning makes us acquit ourselves rather better than we otherwise should in the tragic episodes, and makes us enjoy the comic scenes with a twinkle kindled at imperishable fires. Even hazarded surmises about the creatorship of our life's romance sometimes give a sense of rest and relief not as yet afforded by the prevalent doctrine of pure flux.

A little self-indulgence in eternity will not only enfranchise our conversation with our contemporaries and quicken our brains to decipher the book of humanity, but will tend to keep our minds, manners and morals in trim for association with the great and good of all ages. We used to believe that the halls of the dead were thronged with noble spirits toward whose wisdom and beauty our pilgrim feet would surely sometime find the way. This hope helped us to keep ourselves in order, much as the exiled Englishman restrains

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himself from slumping by donning his dress-suit in the jungle solitude. Of course when evolution from the eternal to the ephemeral is fully accomplished, nobody will need any fillip to personal prestige, but for us poor intermediates, painfully hobbledehoy, it is a secret education in noble manners to pretend to ourselves that some day we shall be called upon to meet Socrates or Buddha or Christ.

Why not have a little patience with ourselves, we poor devils who have to bear all the brunt of the transition from eternity to evanescence? If we promise not to corrupt advancing youth, if we promise not even to corrupt our own reason by any genuine faith, can we not safely play that our life's chapter is going to be continued?

For after all, what if there should be an Author?

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

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BROWNING, SCHOPENHAUER, AND MUSIC

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

No one can express either in spoken or written words the effect produced upon him by the greatest music, because pure music is a language of its own, the only approach to a universal language through sound that humanity has ever known, and quite untranslatable by pencil or by pen. It is perhaps the greatest of all the arts, because it speaks to us with a direct force and with a hint of infinite meaning entirely beyond the range of painting, poetry, sculpture, and architecture. The fact that when we try to explain even in our own thoughts how "music makes us feel" we are immediately baffled, is perhaps in itself an indication that music penetrates deeper than the foundations of speech. Many philosophers and poets have nevertheless attempted the task, but the only representative of each class that has even shadowed the truth is, among the philosophers, Schopenhauer; and among the poets, Robert Browning. Each of these twain had studied the theory of music, and each was fond of playing an instrument, Schopenhauer the flute, and Browning the piano.

In spite of the fact that the father of Browning's mother was the son of a German, and that Browning had travelled through the most picturesque parts of Germany, and that he was familiar with the best things in German literature, his poems show few traces of German influence. Next to England, Italy and France were the countries he loved, and his work abounds in French and Italian literary and topographical allusions; Germany and the Germans seem to have aroused little curiosity and to have given him little inspiration. So far as I know, his poetry makes no explicit reference to the teachings of Arthur Schopenhauer. From time to time we find a contemptuous thrust at the doctrine of

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pessimism, as in the poem, *At the Mermaid,* where he ridicules *Weltschmerz;* but I can recall no passage containing anything like an acknowledgment of Schopenhauer's influence. Yet Browning's philosophy of music, as expressed particularly in *Abt Vogler* and in *Charles Avison,* is surprisingly similar to that stated definitely by Schopenhauer in his master-work, *The World as Will and Idea* (*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*).

Schopenhauer's book was published in 1819, and its author believed he had written a work of original genius, destined to have a prodigious and permanent influence in all parts of the world. For twenty years it suffered as total neglect as any printed page could find; but not for one moment did its author lose faith in it or in himself. About 1840 it emerged from oblivion, and in 1844 Schopenhauer at last succeeded in persuading a publisher to issue a new and enlarged edition. From that time to his death in 1860, Schopenhauer enjoyed the sweets of fame, and today the width of his influence in thought and in literature can hardly be overestimated. We may not like him, but we shall never be rid of him. In the 'eighties, his book was admirably translated into English by R. B. (now Lord) Haldane, assisted by Mr. Kemp; and it is not at all impossible that Browning read the English version with some interest and profit, for *Charles Avison* was published in 1887. It is probable, however, that Browning had studied Schopenhauer in the original before 1855.

Schopenhauer was the greatest pessimist, and Browning the greatest optimist, of the nineteenth century; yet they both believed that behind all the phenomena of existence—originating, controlling, supporting, and driving all things that appear to the senses—was the supreme force, the ultimate reality, which both called Will. To Schopenhauer this Immanent Will (as in Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*) was Unconscious, totally unlike anything commonly called Providence. To Robert Browning (as to Lotze) the Immanent Will was not only intelligent, but it was Conscious Love. Schopenhauer attempted to account for the superiority of music over all the other arts, and for its profounder significance to humanity, by insisting that poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture belonged to the world of "idea" (*Vorstellung*), but that music was the direct expression of the Will. Browning, so far as his dramatic poetry may be

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taken as a revelation of his own meaning,—and we may without doubt be justified in taking *Abt Vogler* and *Charles Avison* in that fashion,—believed that painting, poetry, sculpture and architecture were the results of human effort; but that music came straight from the divine source. Thus when we see the Sistine Madonna, or read *Hamlet,* we admire the extraordinary power of Rafael, of Shakespeare. But when we hear the Ninth Symphony, we are truly listening to the voice of God. Beethoven was more passive than active, the channel through which flowed the Divine Will.

Schopenhauer's philosophy of music is stated toward the close of the third book of the first volume of *The World as Will and Idea,* and I make no apology for lengthy extracts, as the subject is of the deepest interest and importance to all lovers of music:

It stands alone, quite cut off from all the other arts. In it we do not recognize the copy or repetition of any Idea of existence in the world. Yet it is such a great and exceedingly noble art, its effect on the inmost nature of man is so powerful, and it is so entirely and deeply understood by him in his inmost consciousness as a perfectly universal language, the distinctness of which surpasses even that of the perceptible world itself. . . . Music is thus by no means like the other arts, the copy of the Ideas, but the *copy of the Will itself,* whose objectivity the Ideas are. This is why the effect of music is so much more powerful and penetrating than that of the other arts, for they *speak only of shadows, but it speaks of the thing itself.* . . . The composition of melody, the disclosure in it of all the deepest secrets of human willing and feeling, is the work of genius, whose action, which is more apparent here than anywhere else, lies far from all reflection and conscious intention, and may be called an inspiration. . . . The composer reveals the inner nature of the world, and expresses the deepest wisdom in a language which his reason does not understand; as a person under the influence of mesmerism tells things of which he has no conception when he awakes. Therefore in the composer, more than in any other artist, the man is entirely separated and distinct from the artist. . . . The *Adagio* speaks of the pain of a great and noble effort which despises all trifling happiness. But how wonderful is the effect of the *minor* and *major!* How astounding that the change of half a tone, the entrance of a minor third instead of a major [note Browning's *Toccata of Galuppi's*] at once and inevitably forces upon us an anxious and painful feeling, and from which again we are just as instantaneously delivered by the major. . . . But it must never be forgotten, in the investigation of all these analogies I have pointed out, that music has no direct, but merely an indirect relation to them, for it never expresses the phenomenon, but only the inner nature, the in-itself of all phenomena, the will itself. It does not therefore express this or that particular and definite joy, this or that sorrow, or pain, or horror, or delight, or merriment, or peace of mind; but joy, sorrow, pain, horror, delight, merri-

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ment, peace of mind *themselves,* to a certain extent in the abstract, their essential nature, without accessories, and therefore without their motives. Yet we completely understand them in this extracted quintessence. Hence it arises that our imagination is so easily excited by music, and now seeks to give form to that invisible yet actively moved spirit-world which speaks to us directly, and clothe it with flesh and blood, *i. e.,* to embody it in an analogous example. This is the origin of the song with words, and finally of the opera, the text of which should therefore never forsake that subordinate position in order to make itself the chief thing and the music a mere means of expressing it, which is a great misconception and a piece of utter perversity; for music always expresses only the quintessence of life and its events, never these themselves, and therefore their differences do not always affect it . . . if music is too closely united to the words, and tries to form itself according to the events, it is striving to speak a language which is not its own. . . . The unutterable depth of all music, by virtue of which it floats through our consciousness as the vision of a paradise firmly believed in yet ever distant from us, and by which also it is so fully understood and yet so inexplicable, rests on the fact that it restores to us all the emotions of our inmost nature, but entirely without reality and far removed from their pain. So also the seriousness which is essential to it, which excludes the absurd from its direct and peculiar province, is to be explained by the fact that its object is not the idea, with reference to which alone deception and absurdity are possible; but its object is directly the will, and this is essentially the most serious of all things, for it is that on which all depends.

Observe Schopenhauer's remarks about dance-music: the digression and deviation from the key-note, "not only to the harmonious intervals of the third and dominant, but to every tone, to the dissonant sevenths and to the superfluous degrees; yet there always follows a constant return to the key-note. . . . Dance-music in the minor seems to indicate the failure of that trifling happiness which we ought rather to despise"—all this seems to be echoed by Browning in *A Toccata of Galuppi's*:

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"—"Yes. And you?"
—"Then, more kisses!"—"Did I stop them, when a million seemed too few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

So, an octave struck the answer.

If Browning had read Schopenhauer in the original, as

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is by no means unlikely, these technical allusions in *A Toccata* seem to me a reminiscence of the German philosopher's remarks on dance-music, for this particular poem was published in 1855, when Schopenhauer's fame was spreading rapidly over Europe. But it is not with superficial references or echoes of detail that I am impressed, but by the fact that the philosophy of music set forth in *Abt Vogler* (1864) and in *Charles Avison* (1887) is identical with that of Schopenhauer—always remembering that Browning's conception of the Ultimate Will is of something conscious and intentional, rather than of something unconscious and purposeless; in other words, Christian rather than atheistic. The musician *Abt Vogler* has just been extemporising, and he knows that he has been divinely inspired:

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse,—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star. . . .

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know.

In *Charles Avison,* Browning again makes a distinction between music and all the other arts, which brings to the memory the distinction made by Schopenhauer. The other arts, says Browning, express the intellectual effort of man; music expresses something deeper, something impossible to fix definitely, man's Soul, and hence, the universal Soul:

There is no truer truth obtainable
By Man than comes of music. "Soul"—(accept
A word which vaguely names what no adept
In word-use fits and fixes so that still
Thing shall not slip word's fetter and remain
Innominate as first, yet, free again,
Is no less recognized the absolute

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Fact underlying that same other fact
Concerning which no cavil can dispute
Our nomenclature when we call it "Mind"—
Something not Matter)—"Soul," who seeks shall find
Distinct beneath that something. You exact
An illustrative image? This may suit.

We see a work: the worker works behind,
Invisible himself. Suppose his act
Be to o'erarch a gulf: he digs, transports,
Shapes and, through enginery—all sizes, sorts,
Lays stone by stone until a floor compact
Proves our bridged causeway. So works Mind—by stress
Of faculty, with loose facts, more or less,
Builds up our solid knowledge: all the same,
Underneath rolls what Mind may hide not tame,
An element which works beyond our guess,
Soul, the unsounded sea—whose lift of surge,
Spite of all superstructure, lets emerge,
In flower and foam, Feeling from out the deeps
Mind arrogates no mastery upon—
Distinct indisputably. . . .
To match and mate
Feeling with knowledge,—make as manifest
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as rest,
Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears, that rise and sink
Ceaselessly. . . .
How we Feel, hard and fast as what we Know—
This were the prize and is the puzzle!—which
Music essays to solve. . . .
Could Music rescue thus from Soul's profound,
Give feeling immortality by sound,
Then, were she queenliest of arts!

Whether Browning deliberately took his philosophy of music from Schopenhauer, or developed it independently, I cannot say; but the resemblance is interesting. And we know that Browning loved to take pessimistic speculation and give it an optimistic interpretation.

William Lyon Phelps.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. GALSWORTHY'S LATEST[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Gyp was nineteen she went to her first ball, wearing a maize-colored dress and some sprigs of yellow jasmine. Here she danced with a good-looking man twice her age, and this debased miscreant, while sitting with her behind some palms, kissed her bare arm—above the elbow, as the historian of the event records with admirable exactitude. Whereupon Gyp arose without a word, gazed at the miscreant "with eyes dark from pain, shivered, and slipped away," her face "all closed up." The incident seemed to her "a sort of revelation of sex mystery," and from it she suffered horribly—"from bewilderment, from thorns dragged over her skin." But it was only two years later that Gyp, in defiance of the wishes of her father, whom she loved devotedly, chose to marry a professional fiddler with queer-colored hair and "little goldy side-whiskers," for whom she cared nothing whatever, yet to whom she gave freely "everything except her heart. . . . She felt no repulsion—this was man's nature." "Yet [her biographer assures us] *she was not unhappy.*" Whereupon one can but repeat, in boundless wonderment, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller's famous interrogation: "Are women people?" For be it known that, from the evening when her arm (above the elbow) was feloniously kissed by the good-looking miscreant of thirty-eight at the hunt-ball, until her wedding-night two years later, Gyp had lived under the conditions of an upbringing which, as the candid historian of her adventures admits, "lacked modernity"—an existence meticulously supervised by her father, who, having begotten her out of wedlock at the cost of her mother's life, had relapsed, not—like a beloved character of Meredith's—"upon religion and little dogs," but upon hunt-

[1] *Beyond*, By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

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ing, racing, card-playing, and stealthy alms and services to lame ducks of his old regiment and other unfortunates: in brief, upon the intellectually and spiritually restful existence of an English gentleman of ante-bellum days. Out of that well-bred world of riding to hounds, of "dainty frocks," of dangled suitors, of music and dancing and amateur theatricals and Aunt Rosamund, who had a town house in Curzon Street and was musical and humanitarian "so far as breeding would allow"—out of such a prophylactic world, issued this sensitive British virgin who, having suffered the torture of thorns from the flirtatious kiss of a personable dancing-partner, could yield herself, unloving and unimpassioned, yet without unhappiness, without repulsion (her biographer himself has said it), to the embraces of a Swedish virtuoso whose customary aspect included a velvet hat, a brownish-gray frock-coat suit, the flowing tie of orthodox Bohemianism, and little goldy side-whiskers. "She was glad to give him pleasure," relates her soberly precise historian.

Why did Gyp take her side-whiskered Swede for bridegroom? Did she herself know? Certainly not. Does her biographer know? His irony, gentle and pervasive, is sometimes subtle. He sounds in Gyp's behalf the redemption motive beloved of Richard Wagner—that strange product of a sublimated sentimentalism that haunted the most sensuous of tonal mystics from *The Flying Dutchman* to the parable of the Pure Fool. A certain baroness, "to whom innocence was piquant," had said of Fiorsen, the Swedish amorist with side-whiskers, "*Des femmes—toujours des femmes! C'est grand dommage.* He wants saving from himself." And so, since Gyp felt for him "the interest children feel in things mysterious, out of reach, yet within reach if only they dared"; since she felt, too, the tug of those words of the baroness about salvation; since he was in his way a dandy, beautifully washed ("always an important thing"); since she was attracted by "his strangeness, wildness, the mesmeric pull of his passion for her, his music": why, what more natural (and also what more inexplicable) than that she should have yielded her body to him with as little awareness of spiritual outrage as the damned who yield themselves for the price of a night's lodging, or the respected who yield for the price of a home for life?

Having accepted his embraces for the sake of his strangeness and his art and the possible privilege of reclaiming him

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from a cruder form of prostitution than her own, this charming sentimentalist who is our heroine seems never to have realized the profundity of her spiritual debasement; nor, alas, does her biographer, the excellent Mr. Galsworthy, whose shining legend of spiritual aristocracy had seemed to be created for permanent admiration and patterning. He seems to invite our abhorrence of Fiorsen, the Swedish bridegroom, who, despite his unabridged carnality, his velvet hat, his side-whiskers (which he shaved after his marriage), and his infidelities, had really been the chief sufferer, decidedly the injured party, in an unhandsome deal: for, having obeyed an honestly passionate impulse, he found himself clasping a wife who, indifferent to love, had deliberately espoused his fiddle, his romantic aura, and a potentially implicit "better self" which she hoped to educe. Of the essential indecency of Gyp's course, its human and spiritual malfeasance, its blend of sentimentality and obtuseness, Mr. Galsworthy reveals no consciousness in his pitying and protective attitude toward the presumably injured member of this union. Gyp, possessed of the wild and sinister notion that souls can be "saved" by other than themselves; assuming that, having given freely to her husband "everything except her heart," she was entitled to regard herself as an outraged spouse when he sought consolation elsewhere, is a figure who should have appeared before us on Mr. Galsworthy's usually enlightened stage in her true character of romantic egoist. Instead, she is presented by her sponsor, with his famous gesture of compassionate tenderness, as an exquisite victim of the sexual atrocity of man.

To any calm, frank, and unsuffused eye, of course, Fiorsen will seem to have been cruelly misused, cruelly betrayed. Indeed, in a distant millennium of intellectual and spiritual candor, it will be perceived that husbands are more often betrayed than wives, lovers more often than mistresses. Fiorsen's cards had been laid on the table before Gyp from the start: he had never pretended to her that he was all fire and air, a high soul consecrated to beauty. He *had* told her that he was a *mauvais sujet,* but that if she loved him he would no longer be one. And she, yielding him "everything except her heart," had no realization of the degree to which she had failed him. Nor has Mr. Galsworthy. It is even set down to her credit that she did not really "hate" him when her coldness, her mere bodily compliance, had driven

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him to restless infidelity. "However difficult it may be to live with an artist, to hate him is quite as difficult. An artist is so flexible—only the rigid can be hated." That says something, undeniably; but it is one of the satin superfluities in Mr. Galsworthy's narrative. Gyp, under the circumstances, was not privileged to hate—her part was repentance and reparation, so far as repentance and reparation are effective in such circumstances—which is virtually not at all. One has small affection for Fiorsen—he was a male and a virtuoso: hence he was not always lovable. But even the unlovable may justifiably resent betrayal; and it is our main quarrel with Mr. Galsworthy that he seems to have no perception of the case that might be made out—that must be made out—for Fiorsen. It is even, amusingly enough, imputed to Fiorsen's fault when Gyp can no longer derive her former emotions from his violin playing. "She had heard him now too often, knew too exactly how he produced those sounds; knew that their fire and sweetness and nobility sprang from fingers, ear, brain—not from soul." Having denied him her love, she must now deny him also that pretty fantasy of the sentimental amateur, "inspiration" functioning alone and unaided by deliberation and toil. This is, of course, the feeblest aesthetic romanticism; and it is strange to see Mr. Galsworthy, an artist in understanding and often in craftsmanship, thus beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.

Indeed, the reflection and the feeling, the imagining and contriving, in this passional biography are often conventionalized and unveracious. Gyp, disdaining a divorce from Fiorsen, takes for her lover a young Englishman who, though he resembled the Botticelli or Masaccio "Head of a Young Man" in the National Gallery, nevertheless "looked well in evening clothes"; had dark, curly hair; was absorbed by his club, his horses and dogs, society, the law-courts, grouse-shooting; and loved *Pagliacci*. To him she yields "everything"—including her heart. He is killed while riding; and she, heart-broken, meditates half a year later: "And yet I wouldn't have been without it"; while her father reflects: "Love! Beyond measure—beyond death—it nearly kills. But one wouldn't have been without it. . . ." Platitudes under haloes, Meredith would have called them. Mr. Galsworthy cannot write for long without writing well, and so there are stretches of beauty in this novel, things that delight and fulfill. But the quality of the thinking, the quality

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of the utterance, are too often—far too often—mechanical and perfunctory. With disquieting frequency we get machine-made patterns, stale formulas of delineation, instead of fresh, personal, closely studied indications of character. It is distressing to find an anxious and scrupulous craftsman like Mr. Galsworthy speaking soberly of a "white, scared face," of an expression of "cold contempt," of a "twisted smile," of one who "stood as if turned to stone," of a "sea of faces," of sensual villains who flip cigarette ashes, of furious persons who "hiss" in their rage words that by no possibility could ever be hissed—it would seem odd to find Mr. Galsworthy included in Mr. Franklin P. Adams' library of "hisstorical fiction": but clearly he belongs there when he is capable of telling us that "Fiorsen hissed out: 'Don't talk of Gyp!'"

And how is one to account for the curiously naïve intellectual tone that Mr. Galsworthy's chronicle exhibits at times? What has come over him that he should be moved to tell us solemnly that "a man passionately in love craves solitude"; that "there are women who inspire feeling so direct and simple that reason does not come into play"? Yes, yes: and it's love that makes the world go round; and there's no fool like an old fool; and men were deceivers ever.—Mr. Galsworthy used to have a shrewd and vibrant sense of humor. It would not formerly have been easy to impeach him for artless banalities, for economy of thought, for undistinguished writing.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE NATURE OF PEACE. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

That the highest wisdom is to be gained through a coldly dispassionate analysis of passionately interesting ideas is not perhaps quite self-evident. But if the truth of this proposition be taken for granted, then it follows, as the night the day, that the wisdom of Thorstein Veblen is of the highest order; for not only is Mr. Veblen's analysis acute and far-reaching, but his detachment is almost unique. Leaving entirely aside all values that are merely "decorative", or emotional, or (in the currently accepted sense) moral, the author is able to demonstrate that Patriotism is little better than a superstition, or at best an inherited habit of mind which, like an instinct, may work for good or ill. With a perfectly straight face, he can discuss the probable advantages of unconditional submission to Germany—only to reach the conclusion that this solution of our difficulties, though desirable on many grounds, is in the present state of the human mind impracticable. Finally, he is capable of remarking with perfect *sang froid* that if the rulers of the earth desire to obviate or postpone a class war it would be better for them to refrain from establishing a too perfect external peace.

Whatever prejudices may be aroused by these conclusions, there can be no doubt as to the value, up to a certain point at least, of Mr. Veblen's method. Although we may not be able continuously to live in a perfectly "dry" light—any more than we could endure a constant illumination of X-rays—it is unquestionably good for us occasionally to examine our beliefs and our conduct in such a light. Nor is it in the main possible to deny, without self-stultification, the results of Mr. Veblen's inexorable logic. That the material profits of aggressive patriotism are non-existent, or at best confined to a privileged few, has been laboriously proved by several writers, among whom the most conspicuous is Norman Angell. It is not, on the whole, much more difficult to demonstrate that the prestige-value of patriotism to the common man is equally illusory—except, of course, in so far as thinking a thing true makes it (relatively) true. Furthermore, the results of "peace without honor"—as Mr. Veblen shows in what is perhaps the most vigorously original part of his book—would be by no means so disastrous, except in the subjective sense just alluded to, as might be hastily supposed. "It is, of course, easy for an unreflecting person to jump to the conclusion that subjection to an alien power must bring grievous burdens in the way of taxes and similar impositions. But reflection will immediately show

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that no appreciable increase over the economic burdens already carried by the populace under their several national establishments could come of such a move." On the contrary, we would be warranted in looking for economies. The burden of militarism would be lessened; for it would be unnecessary to draw large contingents of men from the subject peoples in order to protect the empire, since, by hypothesis, submission would be voluntary. Again, the burden of supporting the personnel of the government and its underlying hierarchy of gentlefolk would be, though considerable in the sum, relatively small. "It seems a reasonable expectation that sufficient dignity and magnificence could be put in evidence by such a large-scale establishment at a lower aggregate cost than the aggregate of expenditures previously incurred for the like ends by various nations working in severalty and at cross purposes." Add to this all the economies that might be brought about by an efficient centralized administration; and add also the fact that, under such an administration, economic conditions might well be more favorable to culture than they are under the democratic system of unrestrained competition. If this line of argument reminds one of the logic of Iago it should not on that account be less convincing.

Some of the further contentions advanced by Mr. Veblen approximate views that are coming to be accepted by the majority of persons who think. That the sole practicable alternative to "dishonorable" submission is the destruction of the German dynastic government, is the professed opinion of the leading men in the Entente nations: "The world must be made safe for democracy." Mr. Veblen develops the argument, and carries it a step further. He holds that ultimately, in order to secure the peace of the world it will be necessary to apply the same treatment to England's present ally, Japan—since all dynastic governments have for their final object the disturbance of peace. That among the democratic nations themselves, peace may be permanently secured only by a neutralizing of all differences, is beginning to be dimly recognized. Mr. Veblen would carry the process to the utmost practicable extreme; he would neutralize not only trade, but citizenship. Under his proposed system the "common man" would not be invited to plunge his country into war because his country's flag had been insulted or because a compatriot seeking wealth in foreign parts had been unjustly used by foreigners: he would, in short, shed his blood for a compatriot on no other plea than that on which he would spend his wealth for a neighbor.

It is only when one reaches the final phase of Mr. Veblen's argument that one clearly perceives that the whole work is, in effect, a bitter criticism of the existing social order. Some suggestion of the deep cynicism that marks this final phase has already been given. In brief, the unfavorable economic conditions which at present affect the culture and happiness of the common man would become, during a prolonged peace of neutralization, more and more powerful. These unfavorable influences spring from two causes: the progressive increase in technological efficiency and the historic reverence for the rights of property. Now "property", according to Mr. Veblen, is but another superstition, and faith in this superstition is already visibly dwindling. As the expenses of war mount up, men are coming to believe less in the useful function

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of the capitalist who is said to perform a service by his management of the wealth which he supposedly risks in the initiation and "backing" of large enterprises. Concurrently, as leadership in the belligerent countries becomes more and more "vulgarized", there is a tendency to weakened faith in the special qualities of the leisure or governing class as other than ornamental. If this process goes far enough, the result will be revolutionary. "And it is quite within the possibilities of the case that the division of opinions on these matters might presently shift back to the old familiar ground of international hostilities; undertaken partly to put down civil disturbances in given countries, partly by the more archaic, or conservative, peoples to safeguard the institutions of the received law and order against inroads from the side of the iconoclastic ones."

Such are the results arrived at by a rigorous and realistic analysis of human desires and of the economic surroundings that condition them. The prospect is not cheering. After accepting Mr. Veblen's conclusions, the only reasonable conception one can form of the state of the world after the war is that of thoroughly disillusioned men glumly preparing to make the best of a life in which there will be, it would appear, little zest except in so far as the discredited "superstitions" pass over and in some sort survive. Is there not, one cannot help asking, an implied fallacy in all this? Is not Mr. Veblen a little like the plant-physiologist, who after exhaustive chemical analysis succeeds in explaining everything about the life of the plant, except that irrelevant and purely "decorative" result, the life itself? Is there not any discoverable leaven in human life that is capable of leavening the whole lump? Here in America we have been wont to suppose that our patriotism, however misdirected in some of its manifestations, contained germs of life that are capable of transforming the sentiment of patriotism. And are there not indications that such a transformation, through the operation of the leaven of "service", is already taking place in the desire for wealth? It seems permissible at least to hope that the human spirit may discover some better means toward well-being than a resigned pre-adaptation to the inexorable working of supposed economic and psychological "laws."

Yet, at lowest, Mr. Veblen's analysis is clarifying and his warnings are well-timed.

THE LIVING PRESENT. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1917.

"Without the help of the women, France could not have remained in the field six months." So Gertrude Atherton was informed by Madame Vérone, one of the leading lawyers and feminists of Paris. This statement will perhaps appear quite commonplace to the people of the year 2000 or even to those of 1950. Indeed, to Mrs. Atherton it seems scarcely remarkable even now. It is probable, she suggests, that the help of the women has been just as vital to France in every war in which that country has been engaged. But there is a difference. In this case the help has been given in quite untraditional ways—through organizations and administrative activities, through shifts of employment, through a very extraordinary individual initiative.

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All this involves something that looks like a miraculous transformation of character, a complete upsetting of the time-honored system of use and wont. It is the adaptability of the women of 1917—even more than their heroism—that interests a detached observer; and Mrs. Atherton is notably detached. Her accounts of notable persons are interesting and gossipy, indeed, but just a bit perfunctory—certainly somewhat lacking in *impressement*. There is found more of a kind of feminine fervor in almost any man's account of let us say General Joffre or (until recently) the Grand Duke Nicholas, than in Mrs. Atherton's polite and matter-of-fact sketches of prominent French women workers. Is it possible that it was the women who invented journalistic fervor and the men who took it up and improved it—or spoiled it? However this may be, it is certain that Mrs. Atherton interests one most when she shows in striking fashion how the presumably spoiled favorites of French society have transformed themselves into the most efficient of war workers, and when she dwells upon "the stoicism as well as the unrivaled mental suppleness" of the women of the lower-middle and laboring classes. Quite fully, and with a power of exciting interest that arises equally from an absence of preconceptions and from an abundance of first-hand knowledge—scarcely at all, it would seem, from any propagandist mood—Mrs. Atherton tells the stories of the principal French women who are leaders in war work. There is Madame Balli, once an idle and pleasure-loving woman of the world, sometimes referred to as the most beautiful woman in France, who has taken up and developed into an *oeuvre* of the first magnitude the work of making "comfort packages" and distributing them among the soldiers. There is Mademoiselle Javal, whose work for the *éclopés*—men not injured seriously enough for a military hospital, yet not well enough to fight—has reached equal size and importance. There is Madame Pierre Goujon, who has led in the great work of helping impoverished women of all classes to self-support. There is Valentine Thompson, leading feminist, born leader, and inspirer of many noble enterprises. There is the Countess D'Haussonville, generally conceded to be the greatest lady in France and president of the first or noblesse division of the Red Cross. There is the Marquise D'Andigné, president of Le Bien-Être du Blessé, who was formerly Madeline Goddard of Providence, R. I. There are many others of great name, all doing splendid work.

What strikes one, is that all these women have "found themselves" in a way in which few men, outside of romance, ever really find themselves. Indeed, the fascination of the whole narrative or series of narratives is perhaps ultimately this: it suggests that women, by reason of their sensitiveness and their practicality, have a superior power of finding themselves—of adjusting themselves to necessity, that is, without sacrifice of conscience or individuality.

As interesting, and, in the same way, as significant, are the real-life sketches that Mrs. Atherton gives of the common women of France—the women who have stepped into their husbands' shoes, or who have discovered for themselves new occupations; the Amazons of the munitions factories, glowing with health and revelling in a new independence. Cases like these raise sociological questions, and lead the author into speculations concerning the future.

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It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton is quite successful in this latter kind of discussion. Her style, though vigorous and entertaining, as always, is extremely desultory for the purpose. Of some of the ideas she strikes out, one can say only that they show ability, not that they are inherently sound. The notion, for example, that there is among women an instinctive tendency toward a return to the primeval matriarchate, though none too seriously advanced, is yet advanced with more seriousness than it probably deserves. Inherently sound ideas are, however, not lacking Mrs. Atherton is, of course, quite right when she says that "suffrage is but a milestone in feminism, which may be described as the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central stream of life." When she tells us that the war may largely recruit the members of the "third sex" (the unmarried, self-supporting women) she doubtless makes a true prediction. But she is rightest when she affirms that "while no woman before she has reached the age of thirty-five or forty should compete with men in work . . . still every girl of every class, from the industrial straight up to the plutocratic, should be trained in some congenial vocation during her plastic years." For the woman of thirty-five or forty may have a new lease of life, and she frequently has to meet a new range of responsibilities. In this recommendation of Mrs. Atherton's, biologic fact and feminist justice seem to be fairly accorded.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR. By André Chevrillon. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917.

Among the great crowd of war-books that bid for our attention nowadays, this book of M. Chevrillon's is well worthy of special consideration, not, indeed, because it sheds or pretends to shed any novel light upon the part that England has played in the war, nor upon her precise motives for entering it, but because it is that instructive and delightful thing an appreciation of the English spirit by an intellectual, well-informed, and sympathetic Frenchman. The classic example—Taine's *History of English Literature*—at once comes to mind for comparison. For better or worse—chiefly for better—M. Chevrillon is, of course, no such theorist as was Taine; but he has a very similar sensitiveness to national character and a like gift of selecting and developing the essential elements. In this there is something more than simple thesis-building or than unambitious description. It is a combination, so to speak, of trenchant analysis with artistic handling, of intellectual and moral honesty with the desire to please—a combination which few Anglo-Saxon writers seem able to make in anything like the right proportion. Like Taine, too, Mr. Chevrillon is perhaps a little prone to exaggerate. But to exaggerate only in the interests of clearness! If it is true, as Rudyard Kipling remarks, by way of a counterpoise to the high praise he bestows in the preface that he has written for the volume, that M. Chevrillon has possibly laid a little too much stress upon the moral and religious traits in the English character, it must be conceded that the sharp relief which the author has given to his cameo portrait of Britannia is necessary to the full appreciation of that portrait by an Englishman—or by an American. One might venture the further criticism that the impression is sometimes a

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little too strongly colored by the feelings and ideals of the English gentlefolk to be absolutely accurate for the whole nation; but this, while it also contributes to simplicity and charm, nowhere amounts to falsification, and after all the chief emphasis is placed upon attributes that belong to no particular class. The reaction of the laboring man, moreover, is specifically recognized.

To Americans and latterly to Englishmen, England's attempt to raise a sufficient army by voluntary enlistment has been represented as on the whole a rather vulgar if not discreditable business. The advertising methods employed, the public berating of slackers, the hen-pecking tactics of private suasion, have seemed to spell at once inefficiency and moral cheapness. At least, to these aspects of the matter certain English writers who are among the most patriotic have not been slow to call attention. Without reading M. Chevrillon's account of this episode, it is scarcely possible for Americans to realize fully either the moral grandeur of the effort or its unique national character, for no English writer has treated the subject with the same enthusiasm and the same detachment.

"A slow, inartistic people (they themselves say 'unimaginative'), impervious to the powers of eloquence, but to be moved profoundly by conviction and feeling—above all a people with a strong sense of duty, who have made conscience the essence of their poetry and religion, and thus although reacting chiefly to the facts of experience and reality—not forgetting that reality, the soul—are capable of a world of dreamy mysticism. By appealing to conscience, by stimulating its slow meditation on right and wrong, by means of a silent working of the mind, all English reforms have been accomplished." Does not this read exactly like Taine? Which is to say, in the present case, that it is penetrating, eloquent, and just a little precipitate. The high respect for individual conscience, the relative undervaluing of intellect (in England an intellectual man is called "clever"), the quality of English education, with its emphasis upon good character and a sound body; the asymmetrical mind which Lord Cromer has commented upon as a distinguishing feature of his compatriots; the Puritan spirit; that sheer refusal to admit defeat, in spite of many defeats, which is English courage—these are made to explain English greatness in the present crisis.

They also explain English unreadiness and English mistakes—concerning which, by the way, M. Chevrillon has no illusions. Even bulldog courage may beget overconfidence, or an undue sense of security. Willingness to "muddle through" is perhaps the complementary quality to the courage that *can* muddle through. In order to admire England as she deserves to be admired, it is necessary not only to perceive the sublimity inherent in the action of three million young men who came forward to enlist for the duration of the war in response to much the same sort of appeal as that by which they might have been brought to take the temperance pledge; it is necessary to understand and so to forgive the slowness and the muddling. This M. Chevrillon enables one to do. He makes it apparent that if English aid was tardy, almost fatally tardy, this was precisely because the conscience of England had to be aroused, as it was by the invasion of Belgium. He shows that English freedom and party government had inevitably resulted in an affection for the policy of "Wait and see." He makes it particularly plain that without

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the munitions scandal there could have been no efficiency in the manufacture of munitions. In short, England's faults are the defects of her qualities; and those qualities are fundamentally sound and permanent, being not the result of system or indoctrination but of individual common sense and character.

Besides its value as an interpretation of England to Americans, this book has a further significance, which Americans, with their faith in the possibility of real international amity, will be eager to grasp. If M. Chevrillon's book really expresses in any degree the attitude of France toward England, it is reasonable to expect that there will be not merely a continued alliance between these two peoples, but a true and enduring friendship.

THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITIES. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

It may be doubted that any other writer of our time could have given us quite so clear and stimulating a brief discussion of that principle of nationality which has lately come in for an enormous amount of criticism as has Mr. Zangwill. This writer, in his best mood, is both caustic and cheerful, both sardonic and optimistic, both dryly analytic and contagiously enthusiastic. He is at all times free from pedantries and prejudices, and in discussing human affairs he never makes the mistake, to which minds gifted with intense intellectuality are sometimes prone, of carefully and elaborately leaving God out of the reckoning.

To be sure, it seems to be a part of Mr. Zangwill's temperament that he cannot well refrain from making derisory gestures in the direction of other writers who are his natural allies rather than his necessary adversaries. The margin of difference between the views of Mr. Zangwill and those of Dr. Holland Rose seem, for instance, insufficient to justify Mr. Zangwill in performing a kind of logical war dance over that part of Dr. Rose's theory with which he does not agree. This same exuberance of the critical faculty, however, gives us many entertaining epigrams, not all of them invidious, that could ill be spared. "To pretend that England has been the champion of nationality," writes the author, "would be a perversion of history that could occur only to a professor of it." The attempt to find in modern nationality a new principle on which to found a new Europe is likewise purely professorial. The supposed principle of nationality is shrouded in theoretic fog; "but then the study of man, which Pope told us was mankind's proper study, has always lagged behind the study of his parasites." The truth, however, is comparatively simple; for nationality is after all chiefly a form of camaraderie such as almost always is engendered where men associate closely. This spirit of association may be electrified by a spark of danger: "One touch of danger makes the whole world kin." It is then liable to become excessive and dangerous in its turn: "Aggression supervenes upon Nationality like a twisted mustache upon puberty." Grown tumid with self-consciousness, the nation develops a Mission: "In the yearning for Constantinople, Christianity and commerce meet."

But the effort to reproduce Mr. Zangwill's brilliancies cannot be further continued without danger of misinterpreting his thought. His phrases are edged tools not to be freely handled by one less skilful than

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himself. The amount of it all is that whether you follow Mr. Zangwill's short method or Dr. Rose's long method, you will be inevitably led to the conclusion that nationality is not primarily a matter of race, or geography, or language, or religion, or tradition, or divine inspiration. If, then, you must still define it, there are at hand three alternative definitions not open to the objections which lie against those already rejected. You may say, in the first place, that nationality is primarily a kind of mystic act of will. This conception is inspiring, but its very mystic-inspirational quality makes it dangerous, and it raises unprofitable questions about the relation of the individual soul to the national soul. Or, in the second place, you may say that nationality is simply a matter of "use and wont." This concept appears simple and scientific; but it is liable to the objection that when carried out in detail it becomes much too scientific; "use and wont" appearing as unchangeable biologic laws and mankind in the mass being leveled almost to the plane of brute intelligence. As a third course, you may adopt Mr. Zangwill's principle of "contiguity and cooperation." It is perhaps not too much to say that this principle explains all the facts as well as any other; in addition, it has the advantage of being familiar in every-day life, and there is nothing whatever that is dangerous in it. One cannot imagine any nation, however strongly indoctrinated with this principle, either endeavoring to convert the world by force or passively resigning itself to "laws" and "tendencies."

From this simple and familiar principle two conclusions flow. First, the rearrangement of the European map ought to be done not in accordance with any abstract principle of nationality, but simply with as little mangling and as much healing as possible. Preferred arrangements should be continued. Even the *Mittel-Europa* scheme, if it were not for its militant menace, might be a step in the right direction. But the second consequence is by far the most important because it is of permanent value. The chief merit of Mr. Zangwill's thought is, indeed, just this: that it leaves the way open for the entrance of the idea that man may be intensely and locally patriotic and yet internationally right-minded. "Villages," remarks the author profoundly, "inspire poets more than Empires or Milky Ways. We are not at home in the infinities: it is the infinities that are at home in us." For we are not only creatures of habit and association but moral creatures as well, and in the absence of untoward conditions patriotism need not become a vice. The simple and true doctrine of human nature teaches that "the brotherhood of the peoples is not barred by the plurality of patriotisms"; and that "internationalism, so far from being the antithesis of nationalism, actually requires [that there be] nations to interrelate." Finally, what is needed is simply morality; and in this as in all questions Mr. Zangwill, like Lord Beaconsfield, is "on the side of the angels."

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

VI

(*August* 18—*September* 18)

Because " we cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure," the Government of the United States, speaking through President Wilson, signalized the sixth month of American participation in the war against Germany by refusing to accept the proposition put forth by Pope Benedict as a basis for the discussion of possible terms of peace. Mr. Wilson's reply to His Holiness was the most important, as it was the most interesting, event of the month.

Pope Benedict's proposal contained two propositions both of which President Wilson has now rejected, and in such manner as to render it practically impossible ever to revive either of them. His Holiness suggested a consideration of peace terms largely upon the basis of the status quo ante-bellum, and with the present German Government. In a prior public statement President Wilson had destroyed the possibility of peace on the status quo ante basis by pointing to the fact that " it was out of the status quo ante that the present iniquitous struggle issued forth." He refused to contemplate the possibility of renewing a situation which involved such a dreadful potentiality. In this reply to the Pope the President goes much further and refuses to enter into negotiations with the present rulers of Germany on the frankly stated ground that they are not to be trusted, not worthy of belief or confidence, not responsible or reliable.

This statement of governmental determination and purpose, with its overwhelming exposition of underlying reason, was received with instant approval by patriotic Americans, and served to render more difficult the continued opposition of the narrowing forces of disloyalty, sedition and pacifism which are operating throughout the country, from Congress down. It was hailed with satisfaction in the countries of our allies, and accepted generally and officially as their response to the Pope.

As was to be expected such a declaration of the bankruptcy of German national honor and good faith produced a furious outbreak of anger in Germany and among Germanophiles in this and other countries. Just when the chorus of vituperation and denunciation of Mr. Wilson was at its height, Secretary Lansing made public a contribution to the case against German honor which was the text of three telegrams sent by Count Luxburg, the German Minister at Buenos Aires, in code to the Berlin Government. Direct German communication being impossible owing to British control of cables, the German diplomat at the Argentine capital had recourse to the friendly assistance of the Swedish Minister,

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Baron Lowen, who accepted the German cipher messages and transmitted them as his own to the Swedish Foreign Office at Stockholm, whence they were forwarded to Berlin.

It was not the mere transmission of telegrams for the German Legation that constituted an offense against neutrality. Our Government did that for Bernstorff, until it sent him home. It was the character of the messages themselves that was a crime against humanity, but the kind of crime, unfortunately, that seems only too common among Germans of the ruling class. Count Luxburg coolly informed his Government of the sailing of certain Argentine vessels for European ports, and of the time at which they were likely to be approaching the European coasts, and brutally recommended that they be sunk so as not to leave a trace of what had happened to them—*spurlos versenkt.* That is, the ships were to be destroyed and the crews and passengers murdered in cold blood.

Count Luxburg used the diplomatic courtesy and freedom of restraint which he enjoyed in Buenos Aires to carry on secret plots for the destruction of the lives and property of Argentine citizens. Incidentally he referred in one of his despatches to the Argentine Foreign Minister as a "notorious ass."

The reception of these disclosures by German officials in Berlin and elsewhere, and by Germans and Germanophiles in this and other countries, is an absolute demonstration of the unerring accuracy of President Wilson's characterization of the German rulers as bankrupt of honor and good faith. There was first denunciation of the American Government for "stealing the German despatches." Then there was furious denunciation of Count Luxburg, not for being guilty of the hideous brutality of his messages, but for being caught and exposed. Not a German voice of prominence or importance has been raised in condemnation of the savage proposals of the German diplomat. The German Government was exculpated by some of its officials on the ground that it was not responsible for the opinions of its agents, and that Luxburg's despatches were only the recommendations of one man. But the German Government is responsible for retaining him in his post after receipt of his uncivilized recommendations, and for failure instantly to disavow his barbarism and recall him from his post. However, the German Government is not repudiating barbarism.

The Argentine Government has dismissed Luxburg and is asking Berlin for explanation. There is a new crisis in relations between Argentina and Germany. Sweden is making promises of reform, and is asking Berlin for explanation and disavowal. Sweden disclaims responsibility upon the ground of ignorance of the contents of the Luxburg despatches. The United States Government permitted the sending of German despatches in code by wireless prior to the break of diplomatic relations with Berlin, but it took good care to know the contents of each despatch, and to prevent messages that would violate neutrality.

America's sixth month in the war has been like the others a month rather of preparation for participation than of actual sharing in real fighting. The daily news reports have been well sprinkled with despatches from London, Paris and Rome telling of activity on the part of Americans already abroad, and of the vigorous training of the forces with General Pershing, in France, in anticipation of the day when they shall

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undergo the fierce test of meeting the German face to face in the field.

Organization of the armies destined to give the actual demonstration to Germany of American physical power has proceeded regularly and with not more delay, disappointment or failure than was to have been expected from the long refusal of the United States to take thought of her military responsibilities by making preparation or taking training in advance. National Guard regiments from all parts of the country have been assembling in divisions, and undergoing the process of radical transformation from their old organization units into units of the national fighting forces. Delay in completing construction work at different camps has held back the full employment of the Guard in this work, but the promise is that this delay shall be ended in very short order. Similar failure to complete construction work on some of the cantonments assigned to receive contingents of the "selected" men for the new National Army rendered it necessary to hold back the calling of men to the colors in some proportion. Moreover it has now been fully demonstrated to the country that adequate supplies of clothing, uniforms, weapons, munitions and other essential supplies are no more likely to be forthcoming over night than are a million men to "spring to arms" in that period.

The first contingents of the so-called "drafted men" were called to the colors on September 5. In many cities these contingents organized parades, and gave proof of their loyalty and enthusiasm for the great cause which they serve. President Wilson personally marched at the head of the Washington parade, and distinguished members of his Cabinet, and leaders of the Senate and House of Representatives, trudged down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Peace Monument to the White House with him. Veterans from both sides of the Civil War marched side by side at the head of the column of the new draft.

The graduates of the various training camps of the Officers' Reserve Corps had received their commissions just in time to get into active work at the new cantonments receiving the contingents of drafted men and beginning their organization and training. The end of the first week of September found nearly 1,100,000 men under arms in the various American forces.

Meantime procurement of further supplies of the various kinds needed for the proper equipment and maintenance of these men went forward, and was accompanied by further organization of the supply corps, and of the means for procuring supplies.

Less publicity has been given to activities of the Navy Department than to those of the War Department, but that does not prove that the Navy has been less active than the Army. The announcement is made that Admiral Mayo has been in London for some time, purpose not announced, but obviously connected with naval strategy and employment. The event is seized upon by those favoring an aggressive policy as evidence that the United States is for an attack on the Germans in their various lairs—Heligoland, the Kiel Canal and Zeebrugge.

Secretary Daniels has given more emphasis to his belief that the rapid construction of torpedo boat destroyers is the most effective method of combating the submarine, and the House is soon to take up a bill appropriating an additional quarter of a billion dollars or more for such new vessels. It is announced from the Navy Department that in order to

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obtain the earliest and most rapid delivery of the new destroyers it will be necessary for the Government to finance concerns willing to enlarge their plants for this work, all the present destroyer building facilities being fully occupied.

While the Navy is thus busy the Army is working on aeroplane construction, and it is announced from Washington, with much satisfaction, that a special aeroplane motor, already designated the "Liberty Motor," has been designed for the equipment of the enormous American aircraft fleet for which Congress appropriated six hundred and forty million dollars a few months ago. But it is reported among those who have been consulted by the Aircraft Production Board about building some of the motors or other aeroplane machinery that not a single contract of any importance has been signed as yet.

*Similar delay is reported in getting to work on the plan of the Ship*ping Board for standardized construction. Many contracts have been let for ships of one kind and another, some wood and some steel. Commitments for vast sums have been undertaken. But in all the talk of new ship construction emphasis has been laid upon the point that it was the fabrication of standardized ships that was to be the chief factor in solving the submarine problem. It was not until early in September that contracts were let for the first Government fabricating plants.

This month has been one, also, of marked recognition of the essentially economic character of the struggle in which we are engaged. Economic organization has proceeded broadly along two main lines, one for the control of our resources at home, and the insurance of proper supply at proper prices to our own people; and the other for the control of the shipment of our resources away from the country, and the insurance that nothing we raise or manufacture shall be used to furnish any aid or comfort to the enemy. The power to make the first of these purposes effective and energetic comes from the Food Control laws. That for the second comes from the export control sections of the Espionage law. The Food Administration is proceeding vigorously in the effort to make good the promise of Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, to bring down the price of bread. Difficulty is encountered because a price of only $2.20 per bushel was fixed for the wheat crop of this year. Farmers believe that without control the price would have been higher, and are slow in bringing their wheat to market. The immediate danger is that instead of the price of bread being lowered there will develop a scarcity of flour and consequently of bread.

On August 20 President Wilson announced the appointment of Judge R. S. Lovett, head of the Union Pacific Railway, as Federal Agent under the Priority law, which gives the Government power to determine priority of shipments over railroads. Judge Lovett signalized his appointment by directing forty-six railroads to give preference to shipments of coal to the lakes for the Northwest. The purpose was to prevent the kind of suffering for lack of coal in that territory this coming winter that was endured last winter. The railroads seem to have done their part, but there was no control of the coal after it reached the lakes, and instead of being shipped to the Northwest a good share of it was sent to Canada. Also the Middle West declared it was not getting sufficient fuel to keep its factories running. Then the Exports Administrative Board required

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licenses for shipments of coal to Canada, so that that leak seems to be stopped.

On August 21 the President announced a schedule of prices which he had fixed on bituminous coal, at the mine. It averaged about a dollar a ton less than the $3 price agreed upon two months ago by Secretary Lane and the leading coal producers of the country in a conference at Washington. That price was repudiated promptly by Mr. Baker, Secretary of War. The President's prices seem more satisfactory to Mr. Baker, but not to the producers, many of whom have been protesting that they are below cost of mining, and will certainly curtail production if the Government insists on them.

Two days later, on August 23, the President announced prices on anthracite ranging from $4 to $5 a ton at the mine, and named Dr. Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College, as Fuel Administrator, under the power granted by the Food Control law. Anthracite dealers, especially retailers, have not conformed to the President's schedule and the cry of coal shortage begins to come up from various parts of the country.

The wheat control power of the Food Administration became effective on September 10. Mr. Hoover is putting a system of licensing mills and other handlers of grain into effect, and announces that he expects a reduction of $3 a barrel on flour, which should save the people of the country thirty millions a month.

In a public statement at Washington Mr. Hoover said he saw no hope of reducing the price of meat and pointed out that the supply is too small for the normal demand. Nevertheless it is reported from Washington that he is planning to put the meat industry under license. This is under consideration as a means of eliminating speculation.

The Food Administration also expects to license the sugar industry, and has issued fervent appeals to the people to save sugar. Meantime the Department of Agriculture is conducting the national survey of food which was authorized under the first of the food control laws.

While these measures of domestic control are being taken the President has extended the power of the Exports Administrative Board, and that body has made it clear that it does not propose to permit anything to go out of an American port which might be of the least service to Germany. For instance a large number of Dutch ships, loaded with grain and fodder, have been lying in American ports for weeks seeking permission to sail. Their grain cargoes, at least, are owned by the Dutch Government. Recently agreement was reached by the Dutch negotiators with the Food Administration for the release of about thirty of these ships, on condition that two-thirds of their grain should go to the relief of Belgium. But the Exports Board held up the permits because of the fodder, and the ships are still in American waters. No adequate assurance was forthcoming from the Dutch that that fodder would not find its way to Germany, or that the produce of the Dutch cattle it might feed would not get into Germany.

It has been made clear that there shall be no American food for neutrals in Europe or elsewhere who help supply food or other needed articles to Germany. Also the President has put shipments of gold and silver under control of the Exports Board, which means that they cannot go

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without license. And in most cases they will not get the license. Spain has been taking millions of gold from the United States although she has a heavy adverse trade balance with us. It costs 10 per cent to ship gold to Spain from New York now, 5 per cent for freight and as much for insurance. But Spain has taken more than fifty millions recently, and it is suspected in Washington that some submarine method has been found for getting part at least of this gold to Germany.

Secretary McAdoo has asked Congress to give the Government control also of imports, and the intimation is made that the Government is planning to prevent shipments of supplies to Germany from South America.

Price fixing and exports control have their corollary in a new purchasing agency established in Washington to do the purchasing of supplies for the United States, Great Britain, Russia and France, with Italy expected to come in very soon, and possibly others of our allies.

Labor troubles, strikes and walk-outs have made their inevitable appearance, as they always do in periods of prosperity and high wages. Much effort has been made toward reaching adjustment of such differences and toward finding a means of avoidance and settlement in future during the war. As far as shipping is concerned an agreement which it is hoped means settlement was reached under which an "Adjustment Commission" was appointed by the President, consisting of Mr. V. Everit Macy, president of the National Civic Federation, as chairman, with representatives of the American Federation of Labor and of the United States Shipping Board. A representative either of the War Department or of the Navy Department will sit with the commission when it considers matters affecting either of those departments. Workmen at the League Island Navy Yard sent a delegation to Washington to pledge their loyalty and assure the Government against strikes on national war work.

The Senate spent most of the month on the War Revenue bill, which it had given many weeks to rewriting after receiving it from the House. A hard fight was made by about twenty Senators, of the so-called "radical" element, to increase the rates of taxation on personal incomes and on war profits. The cry was to "conscript wealth" as men had been conscripted. Scores of varying amendments were submitted and all defeated. But the Finance Committee yielded in part to the demand for greater taxation of wealth and itself proposed an amendment to its own bill, raising by some hundreds of millions the amount estimated to be raised from war profits. The bill was passed by the Senate on September 10, by a vote of 69 to 4. It is estimated to yield $2,406,670,000, chiefly produced by incomes ($842,200,000), war profits ($1,060,000,000), and distilled spirits ($218,000,000), this last estimate being a public admission that the so-called "prohibition" feature of the Food Control bill was a fake as a prohibition measure. All consumption taxes were stricken out by the Senate, but a few special taxes were provided, estimated to raise $141,750,000. The bill is now in conference.

The Senate also passed the Enemy Trading bill, previously passed by the House, with an amendment requiring German language newspapers in this country to print translations of political and editorial articles in parallel columns. At the same time the Senate passed a resolution permitting the drafting of subjects of our allies for our military service. It

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is estimated that this places more than a million and a quarter of additional men at the disposition of the Government. There are 87,000 enemy aliens of military age in the country.

The House occupied itself with a bill providing a system of insurance for officers and men of the American service for the benefit of their families, at low cost. President Wilson expressed himself as warmly in favor of this bill. As originally brought up in the House it set a limit of $5,000 on policies. The President said he wished it were twice as much, and it was made so. Criticism of the provisions of the bill has come from some of the prominent insurance men of the country, but not of the principle. One of the purposes of the measure is to provide a system that shall do away with the present pension system, as applicable to this war, or greatly reduce its operation. This bill was passed unanimously on September 13.

The House also passed unanimously a bill authorizing the issue of more than eleven and a half billions of four per cent United States bonds. The expansion of debt is really not as great by this bill as it seems, for more than half a billion of the new bonds will take the place of those authorized for different purposes not necessarily connected with the war, such as the Mexican border service of last year, and others. Also three billions cover merely the authorization to raise the interest of that amount of bonds authorized last April from 3½ per cent to 4 per cent, and four billions are for loans to our allies.

The House has also passed another huge appropriation bill, carrying more than seven billions of dollars, and the Army, Navy and Shipping Board are not through asking for more. The Shipping Board wants another billion. The Navy wants hundreds of millions. There is talk of more hundreds of millions for aeroplanes, with not even a contractual start made yet on expending the first six hundred and forty millions.

Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, in a statement in the House on September 14, placed our expenditures for the first year of the war at eighteen billion dollars, as compared with a total of $21,000,000,000 by Great Britain for the three years of the war, fifteen billions by France, a similar amount by Russia and only three billions by Italy. Our Loans to Allies aggregated close on to the three billions at first authorized, as this was written. Mr. Fitzgerald's speech adds emphasis to the mass of other evidence as to the value of pre-war preparation. A huge percentage of our present cost is due to the failure to make the preparation in time and the extra expense of making it now under adverse and costly conditions.

This work by the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government has been more or less public and spectacular, but the work of the Judicial branch has been no less effective. In a single nation wide raid on the offices of the I. W. W. an effective check was put upon the seditious work of that disloyal organization, and evidence of value in other ways was accumulated. A raid on a German newspaper in Philadelphia produced similar results. The curbing of sedition and disloyalty, whether in newspapers, alleged labor organizations, or among soap-box orators on street corners, is progressing, and thus, belatedly but energetically, the United States is getting ready to show some real participation in the war.

(*This record is as of September* 18 *and is to be continued.*)

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

COLONEL WATTERSON'S VIEWS

From the Louisville Courier-Journal

In the August number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Col. George Harvey "puts his finger on the spot," as he generally does, touching the situation and the outlook. He does not disguise the perils. They are many. Taking the recent overflow of flubdub at Berlin for his text, the Reichstag for his horrid example, he reaches the only rational conclusion possible to an enlightened and patriotic Americanism. "Unconditional surrender by Germany" is the only thinkable basis of peace.

"We should like to feel," he says, "as our President declared, that our war is not with the German people, but it is for them, not for us nor for the misrepresenting Reichstag, to say. This only we know: that Germany, having compelled us to fight for our lives, our liberties and our honor, is our enemy, and that whoever is not with us in the great struggle for human freedom throughout the world is against us."

Then he tells us that the real legislative body of Germany is the Bundesrath, of which we hear hardly anything. The Bundesrath has not only legislative power, but executive and judicial. The Reichstag talks, but if it should pass a resolution, the Bundesrath can veto it. The reason we hear so much of the conversational Reichstag and so little of the potential Bundesrath is that the Reichstag meets in public to indulge in oratory, the Bundesrath in private to act. The Bundesrath is not a body of representatives of the people. It is appointed by the Kings and Princes; its sixty-one members are nominated by and directly represent the monarchs of the twenty-five States composing the German Empire. When the Bundesrath meets the Emperor and the Kings are in session: its members are their Ambassadors, not in any respect the delegates of the people. When it is said that the Bundesrath has the power to veto any legislation passed by the Reichstag, what is meant is that the Princes have that power, for the Bundesrath is the German monarchy in session. The Reichstag is merely what it has been bitterly called "a Hall of Echoes."

Here, however, is the crux of Col. Harvey's very thoughtful, far-seeing essay:

Our troubles are only beginning. We are at war, of course, but evidences of the fact are hardly perceivable. The daily routine of existence is unchanged, business is "as usual" and inconveniences are so few as to be unworthy of notice. We voted promptly, in rather grand fashion, the greatest single appropriation ever made and are continuing to think and decree in billions; simultaneously, of course, we are adjusting tax rates accordingly; but the collector has yet to make his first round, and, pending the arrival of the bills, with the certainty that the amounts will be doubled or trebled in the succeeding year, there can be no adequate appreciation on the part of the people of the curtailment of what have been regarded as the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life that must follow.

The *Courier-Journal* has been for months trying to impress this alike upon

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Congress and the country. It is when the tax-gatherer comes round and the taxes begin to be realized that the present work of the pro-Germans in America taken so lightly and punished not at all will get their innings. Undoubtedly the shibboleth, "He kept us out of war" elected Wilson and defeated Hughes. Yet circumstances alter cases.

The rising generation may develop a turn for war, but the mass and body of the people, we fear, thoroughly commercialized, are not exalted either in their heroism, or their patriotism. They know little about Europe. They care even less. When the war shoe pinches they will blare out in response to the traitors and cowards, the crooks and cranks, who cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Nevertheless we must e'en fight to the end. The end may be a long ways off. We shall learn what war is. But nothing short of the complete surrender of the Teutonic Autocracies will suffice to make Democracy safe. To Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. Then, let us hope, a new birth of freedom for Germany and the German people.

FOR A WAR COUNCIL

From the Waco Times-Herald

What the President needs most urgently at the moment, says Editor George Harvey in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is "a combined sieve and buffer." A Solomon and a Samson coalesced would collapse under the tremendous burden which now rests upon the mind and body of the President, remarks Colonel Harvey in a leading editorial.

Colonel Harvey believes that the overpowering and most pressing need of the hour is concentration of direction of the manifold divergent forces which must be exercised to their utmost if we are to win the war. "Physically, although of toughest fiber, the President is not a superman. . . A War Council there must be, to co-ordinate, to perceive, to suggest, to study, to safeguard the life, the health, the perspective, and the vision of the leader of the Nation."

This War Council, Colonel Harvey believes, "should comprise the five best minds in the country. Its members should be drawn from our entire aggregation of brains—from the Supreme Court, from the Congress, from the Cabinet, from the law, from finance, from business, from labor, from any of the professions, from any walk in life. They need not, it is better that they should not, be experts in any one phase. They should be the biggest, the broadest and intellectually the strongest in the land. They should be men of such repute as would at once command the full confidence of both President and people. They should forsake completely their present vocations. They should be vested with such authority as the President in his wisdom and from his experience should deem most helpful. They should be designated by and subject to instant removal at any time by the President. They should receive compensation commensurate with their responsibilities. They should dedicate fully and unreservedly mind, soul and body to the single purpose of 'helping the President to help the People to Win the War.' Every power now in conflict has been driven to this recourse. It is only a question of time when the United States will be compelled to emulate the common example. So why not do it 'now' and save God alone knows how much treasure and how many precious lives to a world which must and shall be made 'safe for democracy'?"

But how would the President determine on whom to lay his hands? If he took the behavior of party organizations for guide, he would be shut up to Bryan, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes and Parker. If he consulted his own knowledge of men, might he not find five misfits? It seems to us that a President is given a Cabinet on whom he can and should rely for advice and comparison of views in times of stress; why set up a rival group?

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PEOPLE AND PRESIDENT

From the Syracuse Herald

In an editorial article in his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, George Harvey lays emphasis on a fact which the American people are beginning to apprize: "The President," he says, "now holds in the hollow of his hand the full power which should have been his from the beginning—a power infinitely greater than that of any other ruler and unsurpassed by that of Alexander or Napoleon."

That is an indisputable truth, and yet we should not misinterpret its meaning. The United States has not ceased to be a self-governing democracy because its chief magistrate is temporarily clothed with vast autocratic power. We must remember that it is delegated power—the power of the sovereign people confided, under the pressure of a grave emergency, to their own pre-selected agent. Moreover, it is exercised with the sanction of a Constitution which provided in advance for such a crisis by making the foremost of our civic magistrates the commander-in-chief of the military forces of the Republic, an authority which in itself implies the possession of autocratic power.

In saying that the extension of power to which Editor Harvey refers is only temporary, we speak by the card. Let us apply a simple test. The power conferred upon the President by Congress, the representatives of the States of the people, the same body can revoke at any time—by a bare majority, if the President consents, or by the two-thirds majority necessary to pass a bill over his veto if he does not consent. With this truth in mind, one clearly perceives the distinction between a hereditary despot, who pretends to govern by divine right and an American President armed for a prescribed time with the power of a despot.

It is really the power of the American people that President Wilson is now wielding. They have not surrendered it, but only transmitted it for a time to an official trustee, in order that he may use it without delay or confusion for the protection of their national rights and interests. This power of popular sovereignty is as old as the Republic itself. From the beginning it was inherent in the people. All that is new is the present method of enforcing it to meet the needs of an extraordinary situation.

RAILWAY REFORM EN ROUTE

From the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph

A few years ago Col. George Harvey addressed a circular letter to the railroad presidents of the country, asking for a little information. He wanted to know why American trains could not be started and stopped as gently as European ones. In England, as Arnold Bennett has told us, trains come to a standstill in the station "like a dove alighting on the shoulder of a beautiful girl." Our trains run smoothly enough after they get started, but what a series of jerks are involved in the process! And when a fast train is approaching a terminal passengers have learned by experience not to stand in the aisle, but to remain braced in their seats for the inevitable shock of stopping. Col Harvey's interrogation was ignored by all except one railroad executive, whose reply was simply an exhibition of bad temper, shedding more heat than light on the subject.

But perhaps the Colonel's missionary work is beginning at last to bear fruit. At any rate it is interesting to find the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, addressing the officers of the company the other day at their annual meeting at Deer Park, calling attention to this same question. "In theory," he remarked, "our passenger engineers are expected to start their trains so easily that you only know the train has started by the fact that things seem to be moving by. That is a very high standard, but it is possible. There is also another ideal that can be attained: they should stop the train so easily that you only know it has stopped by seeing that you are not moving. If those two things can be brought about, nothing that could be done by you or me would increase so much the popularity

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of our line." It seems a little thing, but the reform suggested would add immeasurably to the sum total of comfort of passengers on American railroads.

THE SIZE OF NEWSPAPERS

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Lord Northcliffe desires and suggests that the common newspaper take the form of "The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

This question has two sides. We are used to it in its present form; it is more easily folded and stuffed into a man's side pocket, or tucked under a lady's arm than a stiff solid bulk in book or magazine form. There are a hundred and one uses the sheets are put to after being read. (1) to put on shelves as a protection from dust; (2) to do up woolens and furs from moths—"moths will not eat through printer's ink"; (3) in the kitchen nothing could be more useful to polish off a stove slightly spattered from frying bacon than a crumpled up sheet of old newspaper; (4) to cover furniture and books while dust is flying.

I refrain from further enumeration, but be assured the one hundred and one uses for old newspapers could easily be found. We should all like less bulk in a newspaper, and it is a fag when one has to hunt for the "sixth page."

"Manipulating a newspaper on a windy day" is the exceptional use. It is oftener opened and read inside. Umbrellas are difficult to manage in a wind, but we must not discard them for that.

It would be a comfort if the news of one day could all be contained in "a folio of four pages"—as Cowper puts it. E. M. P.

Westboro, Mass., Aug. 11, 1917.

NEVER

From the London Queen

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW reaches this country late, and in the April number we find it still urging the question "Shall America stand idly by while Russia, Japan, and China fight for freedom and democracy?" Such a question seems to belong to very ancient history; and there was never any doubt how the editor of this particular Review would answer it.

APPROVAL

From the London Pictorial

The strong pro-Ally sentiment of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, embodied in "Why We Want War," on the cover, has been justified by subsequent action of the United States. This well-edited organ contains many brilliant and thoughtfull papers, from the Editor's review of "Freedom and Democracy," with which it opens, to the last page of "Letters."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CENTENARY OF "THANATOPSIS"

An Unpublished Letter from Bryant

Sir,—The publication of *Thanatopsis* in The North American Review a century ago introduced a new immortal to the temple of fame. Recognition was instantaneous. A century has only made that fame more secure.

From *Thanatopsis,* which probably belongs to 1811-12, to *The Flood of Years,* published in 1876, was a period of creative productivity unparalleled in literary history. For three-score-and-four years the mind of Bryant continued to create without abatement of force. If he did not add to his first great poem, he did not detract from it. He died at last of an accident, without sensible decay of his physical powers, and without impairment of his mental faculties. He left behind him no swan-song.

Thanatopsis appeared perfect originally. The closing paragraph of nine lines, which was added later, is a separate poem, and is reprinted and quoted commonly as such. It was doubtless written under the didactic influence which closed so many poems of the period with a moral, while beginning them with a Bible text. Criticism in certain theological quarters may have helped toward the addition of the lines, although it is more probable that the author himself acted on his own convictions. Something was wanted by the critics to deny the absolute sovereignty of physical or natural death, if not to suggest the resurrection of the body and the endless life beyond the grave. As late as 1860, an American poet, then scarcely known and now forgotten, published in his one book of poems a blank-verse reply, which he entitled *The New Thanatopsis;* but he said his reply was based on "the beautiful and psychological doctrines of Swedenborg." At Bryant's death in June, 1878, Henry Ward Beecher called *Thanatopsis* "a pagan hymn." As well might *The Descent from the Cross* be styled a false work of art because it does not suggest another canvas, *The Ascension.*

Thanatopsis is a universal poem. Except for the one reference to the Oregon, there is absolutely no American color. The subject is as universal as it is eternal, and it is strongly both. It is a hymn for humanity, irrespective of creeds, or civilizations, from Adam and Eve in the garden to the last man as the poet Campbell saw him. However, Bryant and his poetry generally are intensely American.

Bryant was the father and patriarch of American letters. With no ordinary emotions, I first clasped in my hands the bound volume of the magazine containing *Thanatopsis;* and, when I reverently turned the yellowing pages and read, it was figuratively with unsandalled feet, for I knew I stood on the entering threshold of our national literature.

In 1878 I was engaged on a magazine sketch which I entitled "The Bryant Brothers," but which was published in New York as an appreciation of John Howard Bryant, the younger of the two. At about that time I wrote two papers on William Cullen Bryant as an orator and as a hymn writer, reviewing a volume of Orations and Addresses, and a very thin volume containing his seventeen hymns

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for religious worship, the latter privately printed and circulated, both of which he had sent to me. I had read a description of the commemorative silver vase presented to him by the Century Club of New York in connection with the celebration of his eightieth birthday. In the cincture of medallions, which, with other engravings all illustrative of the poet's life and writings, make the vase a work of art, is one representing a studious and dutiful lad seated at a desk, while an elderly man standing at his back points to a bust of Homer. I recalled the lines from the *Hymn to Death:*

> For he is in his grave who taught my youth
> The art of verse and in the bud of life
> Offered me to the Muses.

To my letter of inquiry as to whether the illustration represented his father, Dr. Peter Bryant, in his solicitude over his son's choice of only the best and highest models for study and emulation, William Cullen Bryant wrote to me the letter which follows.

This letter was written on consecutive pages one, two, and three of ruled folio note-paper. The same sized sheet was used in other letters written to me between 1875 and 1878. There was no ruling on the other sheets, but the lines were strictly straight. The hand-writing is identical with the fac-simile of the manuscript of the Poet to be found in Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song, being as uniform, neat and legible, and as equally deficient in crossing of "t" 's and dotting of "i" 's, but somewhat more remiss in punctuation.

The letter leads up to the discovery in the poet's desk of *Thanatopsis,* which the father "did not find it necessary, or at least did not think proper, to revise"—an instance of transmitted genius much stronger in son than in sire.

"Please excuse my apparent negligence in answering your note," he wrote in a former letter. "It got among some other papers immediately after I received it and was overlooked!" A man of Bryant's eminence who could write thus to an unknown young man was not austere and cold, but to say the least approachable, as I always found him—a thorough American gentleman. Here follows Bryant's letter:

New York, March 14, 1878

Dear Sir:

You are quite right with respect to the aid which my father gave me in my early attempts in poetry, or rather in verse. He showed me how to amend my faulty lines, and how to avoid writing as I sometimes did utter nonsense. My grandfather on the mother's side once gave me a task when I was about eleven years old, or perhaps a year earlier, the first chapter of Job to put into verse. I made what I called a paraphrase of it. In it were these lines:

> "His name was Job, evil he did eschew,
> To him were born seven sons, three daughters too."

I remember that my father showed me that these lines were prosaic and badly expressed, and suggested some changes which led to the substitution of other lines in which the thought was somewhat amplified, but I have forgotten them entirely. When I wrote the poem entitled the "Embargo," at thirteen years of age I was greatly helped by his criticisms, as the work went on. He took it with him to Boston where it was published in a little pamphlet, and the next year after I had completed my fourteenth year another edition was published also in a duodecimo pamphlet, with several other poems in addition, all of which he had looked over and made me correct. When some years later he found among my poems the one entitled "Thanatopsis," and took it to the conductors of the "North American" where it was published, he did not find it necessary, or at least did not think proper, to revise it. One of his principal anxieties, in the beginning of my literary course, was to guard me against producing what had no recommendation but a certain showy glitter.

My brother John Howard Bryant is by a dozen years my junior. I hardly suppose that he was assisted by my father to the same extent that I was, for I think that he did not begin to write verses so early, and I was not at home to be a witness of it if he was guided by the same care. He would tell you however if you would write to him. His address is Princeton, Bureau County, Illinois.

Yours respectfully,

W. C. BRYANT.

A. F. Bridges, Esq.

The above letter is here first published. It has been sacredly kept, it seems, in order that it might become a contribution to the centenary of the birth of American poetry.

ALBERT FLETCHER BRIDGES.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

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"NEGRO EDUCATION"—?

SIR,—The paper of my friend, Colonel Hemphill, which appears in the September number of the REVIEW, is all right; few men have had larger opportunity of observing along the line of thought he lends himself to than has Colonel Hemphill, but we have passed generalities as regards the education of the negro and we need something more concrete.

The underlying and unemphasized consideration which engages the mind of the thinking Southern man in connection with this subject today is—What are we getting in return, and the answer just now seems to be Emigration.

In some of our white institutions of learning where the student is educated at the expense of the State, service is exacted. If some such system could be formulated in the case of the negro, giving him more than full credit for that portion of the taxes he pays, the matter might be handled in a more generous manner. That a suggestion of this sort carries with it complex consideration even to barring the door of practical execution, is true; but, however this may be, these obstacles do not satisfy the constant bubbling up of the thought—What are we of the South getting as a result of our expenditure of money and effort?

A few months since, the writer took occasion in the southern part of Georgia, to talk with negroes on one or two of the largest plantations in that section where he found that negro men and boys by the hundreds and generally speaking, by the thousands, had taken their departure, leaving behind the indigent, the women and children to go, where? It will not do to say that this is one of the very things that education aims to prevent, for especial inquiry revealed the fact that those who had deserted their responsibilities had enjoyed the educational advantages meted out by the local public schools.

Another factor which perhaps puts something of a damper on that zeal which civilization and philanthropy might hearken to in this great matter, may possibly be found in a little incident which I had occasion to overhear in a street car in the goodly City of Richmond. There were several negro girls on their way to school ("High" school perhaps), and one of them over a fortification of books inquired of another across the car if she knew her French when the reply came—"No, I don't know no French en I don't want to know no French neither."

But back to the question—What are the immediate returns to the people of the South and can the returns be made more direct and positive as a stimulus to larger appropriations and more extended effort in the education of the negro?

It would be desirable if all the moneys and efforts being expended in this great task might be co-ordinated, but, here again, we run up against the insurmountable. The farmer after he has plowed and sowed is next concerned to know what he will reap, and in connection with this crop under consideration, I am afraid he has misgivings. Is there one who can suggest a direct return the negro can make out of his service as an incentive to his being placed on something of a parity in this matter of education with the whites who have carried the burden for fifty years?

Can some one point the Southern people to the benefits they are about to enjoy as a return for the money *they* have spent in educating the negro?

Do not understand me as begrudging the money or as opposed to the education of this race, nor of failing to appreciate what healthy education does for any people, but I do contend that there are very few things in this life of real value to anyone which the recipient does not have to give something for in return.

RICHMOND, VA. ASHTON STARKE.

A MIND-READING DOG

SIR,—I read with great interest the article in the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Mr. Hudson Maxim, on "Mimicry in Animals—A New

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Theory." Unaware how to reach Mr. Maxim, I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you.

Speaking of the wonderful intelligence of dogs, he says in part, referring to a dog's intuitive perception of what is passing in his master's mind, when, as in this instance, he has determined to "get rid of him for some reason or other".

> But there have been many instances when there has been no opportunity for the dog to tell by the change in his master's demeanor or change of voice, and he has seemed to gather a warning directly from the operations of his master's mind. I admit that there may never have been a single instance in authentic proof of this conclusion, but there have been instances enough to lead to a strong suspicion that the mind of a dog may be in such receptive telepathic attitude with respect to the mind of his master as to interpret the bent of his master's thoughts concerning the dog's welfare; and the dog's welfare is the principal thing that can concern the dog.

The following incident, which is the literal truth devoid of any embellishment, I thought might prove of interest to Mr. Maxim, apropos of the above remarks. Many years ago, as a young man I spent some seven or eight years in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, California, amid a virgin forest of giant redwoods. During nearly the whole of this time, my best friend and constant companion was a dog of nondescript pedigree with a coat like a doormat, in fact, literally "a yaller dorg!" How I acquired him I cannot now recall; we just drifted together, two solitary creatures—I had almost said, "human beings!" When, for circumstances unnecessary to relate, I determined to abandon the life of a backwoodsman, I disposed of my few possessions—two horses, a cow, wagon, harness, &c. At last there remained but we two, the dog and I. What to do with him had been in my thoughts almost constantly for days, since he could not accompany me where I was going. The time for my departure drew near, and still I had arrived at no decision, when one afternoon I received a visit from a friend who lived in the vicinity of the town of Santa Cruz, and to whom, in fact, I had disposed of some of my belongings. "What are you going to do with 'Toby'"? he asked in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, glancing at the dog who sat on his haunches beside us, his interest keenly aroused. "I don't know what to do," I replied. "Give him to me, he will be sure of a good home as long as he lives." "Thanks, old man, you have taken a great load off my mind," I said, speaking with the same subdued constraint that had governed our remarks.

The following morning, Toby was missing. He did not return that evening—an unprecedented occurrence. In fact, he never returned. Several weeks later, having finally abandoned forever the life of a mountaineer, I went down to Santa Cruz, some eighteen miles distant, and having made my adieux to several old acquaintances, set out on foot for my friend's farm. At the front door, to my amazement, I was met by Toby! My sentiments were of a mixed sort, for I felt that the agony of parting would once more have to be endured. When, half an hour later, I wrung my friend's hand at the garden gate, Toby followed me to the highway, and there he stood motionless. I tried to say something as I stroked his shaggy coat, but a lump rose in my throat, and I started rapidly down the hill. At the bend of the road, I looked back. He was still standing motionless, slowly moving his tail from side to side—his method of saying farewell. And this was the last I ever saw of the best and most faithful friend I ever had.

I could quote many other examples of mental telepathy between this dog and myself, but this must suffice, as being also the most tense and dramatic. And I cannot but think that Mr. Maxim will be glad to receive such corroborative evidence of the grounds upon which he bases his opinions in this particular matter.

THOMAS DYKES BEASLEY.

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA.

IF!

SIR,—Mr. Watson, in his article on "Orthodox Science and Psychical Research", in the August REVIEW, opens an alluringly interesting channel leading

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towards a future land of promise for all those who are to-day either agnostics, or driven in that direction, much against their will or desire.

He boldly proposes: "Give me scientific proof of a future existence and I shall be delighted to become your apostle". The issue is so tremendous, the reward so wonderful, that I believe, dear Sir, your valued periodical could do an immense amount of fine and noble work, if it would invite expressions from everywhere on the subject: "If you believe in a future existence, where are your proofs"?, or "If you deny a future existence, how do you explain all such psychic phenomena now on record and whose truth has been established beyond peradventure?"

If a future Life beyond death could—no matter how incredible—be proven, or even only partly proven, by the cold light of science, a new era of intelligence free of mammonism would be available for hundreds of thousands of thirsty souls.

H. N. Koll.

Richmond, Indiana.

GENEROUS APPRECIATION

Sir,—Coming, as I have, from, perhaps, the last goodbyes to several dear to me, with whom I would myself be marching were it not for a complete physical disability, will you permit me to extend to you my heartfelt thanks and commendation for those editorials in the September Review, so coldly logical, yet so flame like in their patriotism? They remind me of old family records left by my ancestors who, *beginning* with the wars against the Pequots in New England, went forth to strike a blow for those things that make life worth while, and they have renewed my faith, restored my courage, refilled me with a spirit to see through to the end of *victory* the horrors of this ghastly conflict.

In men of your gifts lies the responsibility of keeping ever heartened to the task, the people of this great democracy, and well are you fulfilling yours.

J. Norris Myers.

New York City.

FROM MR. WINSLOW

Sir,—May I say most sincerely what an honor it is for my little paper to appear within the same cover which contains your magnificent "review,"—for such it is, in critical quality, gently ironical, yet constructive in its approval of present and probable developments—and in moral quality—of magnanimity. There must have been a certain temptation to justify the opposition, which Mr. Wilson has himself justified, since what you now applaud with reason, is volte face to his earlier attitudes in so many ways, that we can well afford to ignore inconsistency, since it has brought him so unexpectedly up to the great demand. It is peace only—with victory—now! It is perhaps just as well, since the perfectly natural amazement of the Germans makes the present firmness evinced by the response to the Vatican (so accurately predicted by you) more stunning, and effective.

I am faithfully yours

Erving Winslow.

Ipswich, Mass.

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